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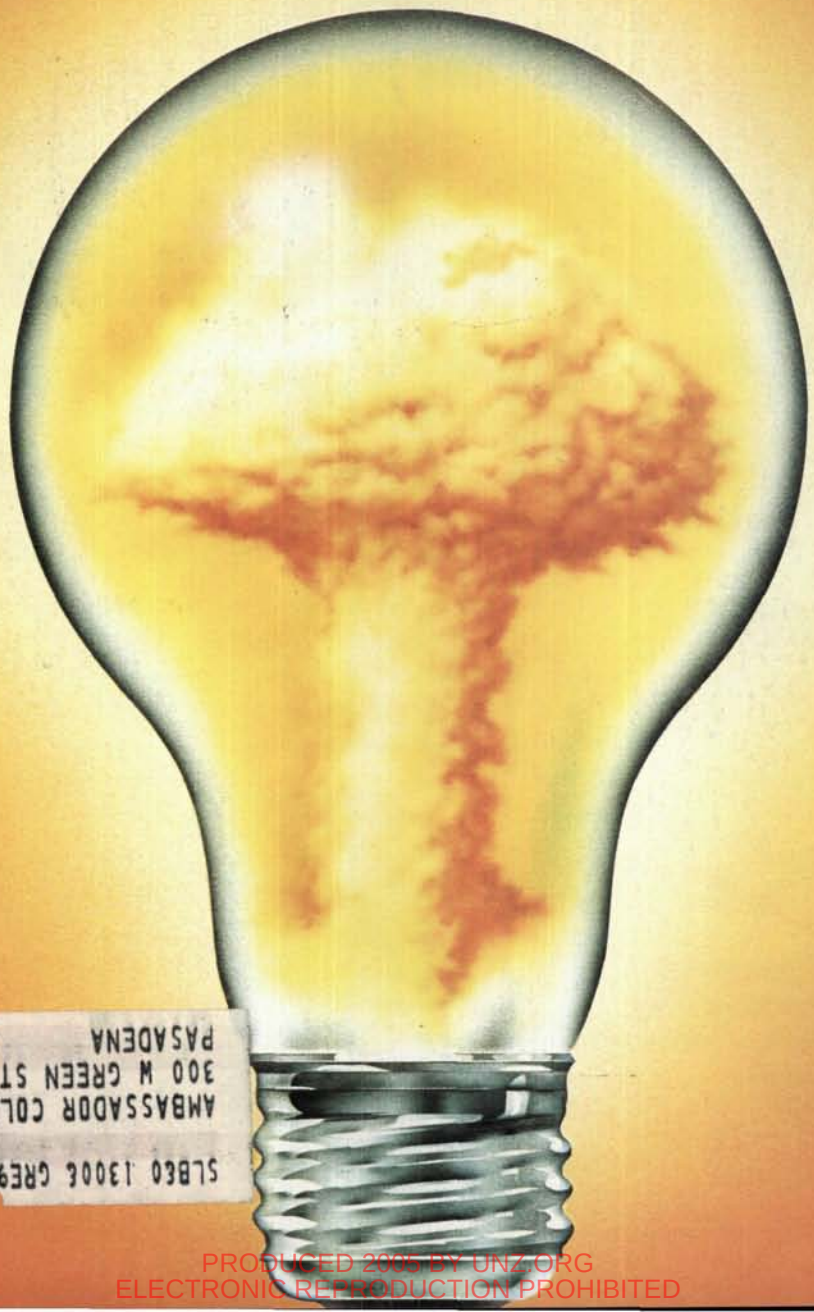
Saturday Review

January 22, 1977 75¢

Annual International Business Review

Nuclear Energy: Paradise Deferred



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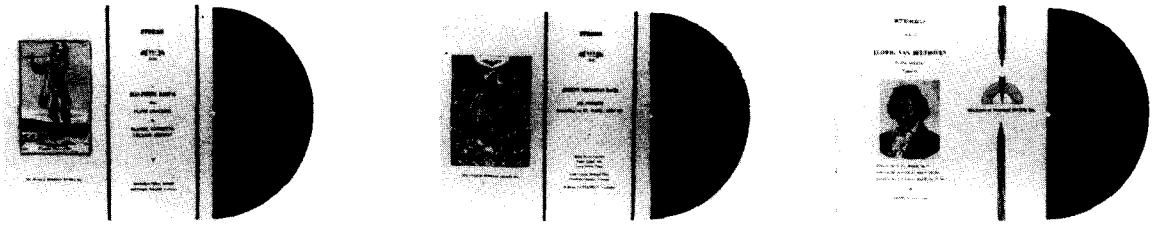

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Cover drawing by Stanislaw Fernandes

Cartoonists: Anthony Taber, Robert Mankoff, C. Whitaker, Henry R. Martin, Ron Davis, Rick Detorie, John A. Ruge, Dave Gerard

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Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions: one year —$14; two years—$24; three years—$30 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 4, No. 8, January 22, 1977. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Laval, P.Q. Canada.

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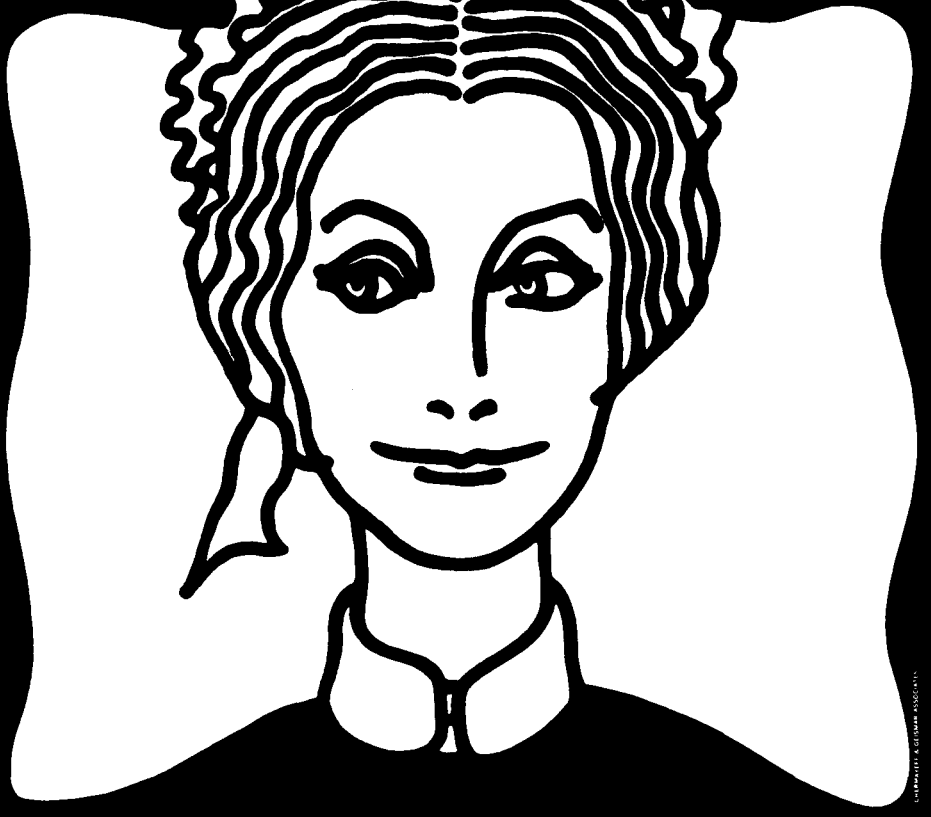

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Book Report

"Each of the superpowers . . . has been driven by ego compulsions of superiority."

Some personal notes on recent reading:

TOWARD THE END of the book *Harry James Cargas in Conversation with Elie Wiesel* (Paulist Press), Henry James is quoted as insisting that a "writer be one on whom nothing is lost." Cargas identifies Wiesel as such a writer. He sees him as a poetic and philosophical figure who has both conveyed and risen above the tragic sense of life, in Unamuno's celebrated phrase. Wiesel's youth was saturated with the life-lingering smells of gas chambers and burning flesh of the Nazi concentration camps. From "this devastating position," says Cargas, "Wiesel presents us with characters, fictional and historical, who are embodiments of struggle, perseverance, undertaking, faith, and love to a degree that no other contemporary novelist in the world is able to achieve."

The book is a dialogue between two writers—one Catholic, the other Jewish—who above all are exquisitely sensitive to the human condition. Harry Cargas has no difficulty in recognizing and responding to the Jewish origins of his own faith as symbolized and illuminated by Wiesel. Cargas is also responsive to the universals of pain, beauty, thought, and feeling that give Elie Wiesel's ideas their radiating power. The book is something in the nature of literary psychoanalysis: Cargas explores the effect of tragic experience on Wiesel's subconscious and on his outlook. The concluding chapter is an evaluation of all of Wiesel's books and is literary criticism of a very high order. For those who have not yet read Wiesel, this book serves as an excellent introduction to the man and his work.

ON ANY LIST of the world's leading authorities on the arms race, the names Alva Myrdal and William Epstein rank very high. For the past two decades, Alva Myrdal, as Minister for Disarmament, has represented Sweden at virtually every important international disarmament conference. During the same period, William Epstein has served as the arms-race expert on the staff of the United Nations. It is significant that these two experts, writing from different vantage points, should be able to arrive at many of the same essential judgments.

Mrs. Myrdal has expressed her theme well in the title and subtitle of her book, *The Game of Disarmament: How the United States and Russia Run the Arms Race* (Pantheon). Her book is a thoroughgoing analysis of the fallacy of security through the pursuit of military power. She believes that the United States and the Soviet Union must share the blame for the present world situation of total jeopardy. Each of the superpowers, she contends, has been driven not just by a legitimate concern for "security" but by ego compulsions of superiority.

Mr. Epstein devotes a substantial part of his book, *The Last Chance* (Free Press), to the history of the nuclear arms race. He begins with an examination of the situation created in 1945 by the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and proceeds step by step with a methodical consideration of all the developments since that time, culminating with the spread of nuclear-energy plants throughout the world and the corresponding horror of fissionable materials falling into the hands of terrorists. Like Mrs. Myrdal, Mr. Epstein looks to the United States and the Soviet Union to halt and reverse the arms spiral between themselves as well as to undertake joint measures for controlling the export of nuclear merchandise throughout the world.

WILLIAM SHIRER'S *Twentieth Century Journey* is a remarkable personal statement about the way the world became real to him as a young foreign correspondent during the years between the two world wars. He was impressionable, questing, appropriately awed by the famous people within his reach, especially in the Paris of Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and James Joyce.

It is now 30 years or more since Vincent Sheean wrote his *Personal History*. Many of the foreign correspondents since that time have tried to convey the same sense of an intimate, interactive relationship with events and people that gave such luster to Sheean's book. Shirer's success in this respect is readily apparent. After only a few minutes of reading or browsing through *Twentieth Century Journey* (Simon and Schuster), the reader finds himself strongly attracted to the book because of its open, warm qualities. Shirer provides easy access to the currents and personalities that characterized the habitat of the foreign correspondent a third of a century ago and that figured in his development as a world-renowned reporter.

ERICH LEINSDORF HAS LONG BEEN one of the nation's most versatile and impressive musical figures. He has also had more than his share of thorny situations. Perhaps the most telling line in his book, *Cadenza* (Houghton Mifflin), is his observation that the "highest excellence of an orchestra can be developed and maintained only at the expense of a conductor's freedom." It was this conviction that was behind his decision to leave the Boston Symphony, one of the two or three finest orchestras in the United States.

Cadenza derives its general appeal from the highly varied nature of Leinsdorf's interests. He writes about the musical world without illusion and with wide-angle vision. His observations extend far beyond the range of the conductor's baton. He is a world traveler whose sensitivity to sights is as finely developed as his professional sensitivity to sounds. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Bread Tax

Articles like Dan Morgan's ["American Agripower and the Future of a Hungry World," November 13] are harmful when they tell only half the truth. The article totally ignores the "tax on bread" levied by OPEC. American farms create sufficient grain for export only by reason of the large amounts of petroleum products used for fuel, insecticides, and fertilizer. When the price of petroleum products rises, the cost of bread rises. A tax on bread falls most heavily on the poor. OPEC should know this. The Third World should know this.

To say, "As the only agricultural superpower, the United States has the responsibility for at least making sure that its policies don't adversely affect countries least able to pay for the consequences" without mentioning the role of OPEC obscures the problem. OPEC at least shares with us the responsibility for making sure that *our* policies don't adversely affect countries least able to pay for the consequences. We may be responsible for the manner of distribution of grain. They are responsible for the exorbitant price.

Melvin Landau
Chicago, Ill.

Swine Flu and Devil's Dung

That wasn't camphor the kids wore around their necks during the 1918 influenza epidemic ["The Great Vaccination Flap," November 27]; it was asafetida, also called devil's dung, the mere smell of which was supposed to keep the germs away.

Jean Lyons
Saratoga, Calif.

Job Considerations

It appears to us, after having read John Neary's article ["Tilting at Windmills," November 13], that the federal government chose to fire Dr. Anthony Morris for one or more of the following reasons: he did his job as guardian of public health even when it conflicted with economic policy; he placed public health over the economics of (a) presidential involvement in a vaccine program and (b) the economics of giant drug-company production of a spectacular vaccine; he chose to stand by what he believed was right.

Charles and Judith Corkum
Harwich, Mass.

Viral Spiral

There is at least one potentially dangerous, long-term aspect of the vaccination programs about which Richard Restak writes ["Meat Cleaver or Scalpel," November 27]. This aspect has to do with the so-called slow-virus infections, a group of diseases that might be caused, in some instances, by the very same viruses used for vaccination purposes.

A growing body of circumstantial evidence suggests that a great many of mankind's most serious, chronic, and untreatable diseases may, in fact, be caused or initiated by slow-acting viruses or viral-like agents. Some of these diseases include multiple sclerosis, parkinsonism dementia, Huntington's chorea, rheumatoid arthritis, lupus erythematosus, and many types of cancers, including those affecting the uterus, prostate, liver, and breast. Some of the viruses that have been implicated *circumstantially* with some of these diseases are the influenza virus causing swine flu, a herpes virus related to the cold-sore virus, and hepatitis B virus.

The phenomenon of slow-virus diseases is a relatively new discovery and, as such, it is only poorly understood. At present, we can only speculate as to whether various vaccination programs possibly lead to increased incidence of some slow-virus diseases. However, it would seem to be a prudent policy to proceed cautiously with these vaccination programs until we have more information.

Gerald Camiener
Beachwood, Ohio

Needing Dough

I would question the general thrust of William Steif's piece ["OPEC Welshes on a Promise," November 13].

It is true that Congress appropriated $200 million toward the establishment of the International Fund for Agricultural Development [IFAD], with the understanding that the OPEC countries had pledged to match the contributions of the industrialized countries.

There may be some reasonable argument about the change of mind of the OPEC countries. It seems to me that it is much more important to get IFAD established than to place the blame for what I hope will be only its temporary shortfall. The latest figures I have seen indicate that almost $970 million has been pledged toward the $1 billion goal. If the pledged total reaches $1 billion by January, when IFAD is to be set up, I would hope that the U.S. will contribute the promised amount.

The elements have been merciful to the half-billion starving people in the world; but there is no guarantee that the weather will continue to be benign. They still need our help.

Martin McLaughlin
Overseas Development Council
Washington, D.C.

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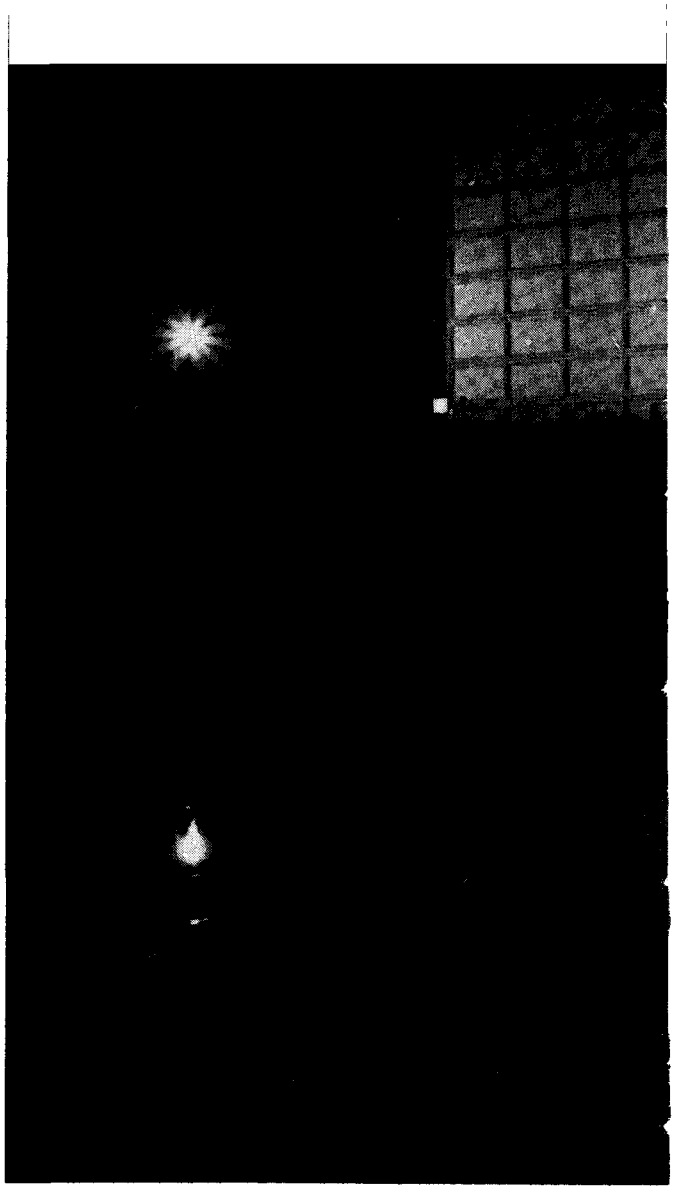
Nuclear Energy: Paradise Deferred



UNTIL recently, the U.S. business community confidently expected the taming of nuclear energy to produce a whole cornucopia of benefits: clean environment, unlimited cheap electricity at home, and runaway profits from the sale of nuclear-energy plants abroad. But now, surprisingly, our peaceful-energy effort has slowed to a crawl, with other countries moving in smartly to take over our lead.

In the special section that follows, *SR* tries to sort out the pros and cons of the nuclear-energy stalemate. Tom Stevenson tells how the situation looks from within Westinghouse, a nuclear-industry giant. Roger M. Williams writes about grass-roots campaigns against nuclear power. John C. Sawhill, former head of the Federal Energy Administration, reflects on governmental and public-policy aspects of the problem. Rudolph Chelminski and Donald Kirk write about the nuclear-energy scene in France and Japan. And lastly, Harvard political economist Thomas C. Schelling explores the promise and peril of worldwide nuclear-energy development.

Gloom on the Monongahela

by Tom Stevenson

THIS was to be the decade in which atomic power would bloom. That, at least, was the conviction of optimistic industry leaders a half-dozen years ago. From providing a scant 1.3 percent of the nation's electricity in 1970, nuclear power would grow, they foresaw, to furnish 22 percent by the end of the decade—a spectacular gain that would equal the nation's *total* generating capacity of the late 1950s.

For a while it looked as though their forecasts were, if anything, too modest. Extolling the low cost, clean operation, and fatality-free record of commercial nuclear power, the industry installed 10 times more nuclear capacity from 1970 through 1974 than it had in all the years since the world's first nuclear plant was built at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, 30 miles west of Pittsburgh, in 1957.

Today, however, the industry's euphoria has given way to gloom. Scores of nuclear plants have been stalled—and a few even scrubbed—due to lengthy legal battles and tough new safety and environmental regulations.

Costs are skyrocketing. The capital investment required to construct a one-million-kilowatt plant—about the size necessary to provide electricity for the state of Vermont—has soared from an original estimate of around $250 million to an actual figure of about $500 million and is now projected at approximately $1 billion by 1985. The price of the uranium that fuels the giant plants has climbed even more sharply—from around $9.50 a pound in 1973 to over $40 today.

Major new problems loom ahead. Additional enrichment plants—which beef up the potency of the uranium—must be

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Keystone

constructed or the industry will find itself running out of fuel. But so far no one has been willing to put up the billions of dollars of investment capital that would be required.

Regulatory decisions that would permit the reprocessing of reactor waste—a step the industry considers essential to provide more fuel for the current generation of reactors as well as the plutonium to feed the still experimental breeder reactor—are bogged down in a quagmire of conflicting claims about the economics of reprocessing and the politics of nuclear proliferation.

"We are a sick industry," lamented Richard A. McCormick, a top-ranking executive of General Atomic, a joint venture of Gulf Oil Corporation and the Royal Dutch/Shell Group, explaining the company's 1975 decision to quit the nuclear-reactor business.

Few have been more shaken by the swift turn of events than the executives of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, who direct the company's 125 divisions and 160,000 employees from a six-year-old, 26-story headquarters in Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle section. The events of recent years have thrust Westinghouse into the center of the growing debate on nuclear energy, where it has become the technology's chief apostle and the leading adversary of nuclear critics.

In the past 15 years, through technological skill, aggressive marketing, and fortuitous government contracts, Westinghouse has risen to the leadership of the nation's nuclear-power industry, with an estimated $600 million of its sales and $30 million of its profits coming from nuclear power. According to figures compiled by Robert W. McCoy, Jr., a leading Wall Street expert on nuclear power, Westinghouse and its licensees have sold 168 of the non-Communist world's total of 437 completed or on-order nuclear reactors, while the comparable figure for General Electric, the closest rival, is only 100.

Like other companies in the industry, Westinghouse's sales have been devastated. Orders for domestic plants,

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Tom Stevenson is a New York-based free-lancer who writes on business and finance.

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which rose as high as 13 in 1973, evaporated to four in 1975, and to none last year. About two thirds of the 60 plants on order have been deferred and another half-dozen canceled.

Adding to its troubles, Westinghouse has been in a Pittsburgh court since October, battling a potentially ruinous $2.5 billion litigation brought by 27 of its utility customers. The trouble all started when Westinghouse, trying to coax hesitant utility executives to adopt its infant technology, guaranteed to supply fuel at an average price of $9.50 a pound. When the cost spurted, that placed Westinghouse in the intolerable predicament of buying uranium at $40 that it could sell only for $9.50, a difference, when all the contracts were tallied, of nearly $2.5 billion.

Rather than swallow this loss—which would have brought the company to near ruin—Westinghouse reneged, citing a Uniform Commercial Code clause that excuses a seller from fulfilling a contract if "unforeseeable" developments make it "commercially impracticable." (One of these developments, Westinghouse alleges in a lawsuit *it* filed in October, was the establishment of a cartel of 29 major uranium producers—including such well-known major corporations as Gulf Oil, Kerr-McGee, Anaconda, and Getty Oil—that engaged in a "conspiracy" to lift uranium prices.)

Coming on the heels of major problems in other Westinghouse divisions, the slump in nuclear-plant sales and the lawsuit (which many analysts guess will eventually be settled out of court at a pre-tax cost to Westinghouse of perhaps $1 billion) have taken a stiff toll, battering the price of Westinghouse stock to 15, nearly 70 percent below its 1972 high, a paper loss of some $3.5 billion.

A continued slowdown or even a moratorium on nuclear-plant construction, however, would not precipitate corporate catastrophe. For one thing, Westinghouse is a diversified company, and nuclear power accounts for only about 10 percent of its $6 billion sales and perhaps 15 percent of its $200 million profits. For another, the fact that a large part of its technical know-how has been acquired at taxpayer expense through government contracts has significantly minimized its liabilities.

TO UNDERSTAND the depth of Westinghouse's dedication to nuclear power it is necessary to look beyond its balance sheet. Westinghouse's commitment to nuclear power has its roots in a powerful mixture of forces. Since it was established by George Westinghouse nearly a century ago, the company, while succeeding in growing large (today it ranks twentieth in the *Fortune* list of the 500 largest industrial corporations), has never achieved the eminence of an IBM, an Exxon, or of its principal rival, General Electric. "Calamity prone" is what one business magazine labeled the firm. "At Westinghouse something is always wrong" is the way another business magazine put it.

A principal reason for its shortfall is that throughout its history Westinghouse has always found itself in competition with General Electric. By the 1960s, General Electric had

A Nuclear Primer

Fission: Atom-splitting, or more precisely, the fission of the nucleus of a heavy atom into two approximately equal parts, with the simultaneous release of energy equivalent to the loss of mass accompanying fission.

Reactor: A device used as the source of heat in a nuclear-power plant. In the reactor's core, radioactive isotopes of uranium undergo controlled fission. Fission is controlled by rods inserted within the core and by a moderator—in the case of most U.S. reactors, ordinary water. The heat produced by the fission process creates steam, which turns turbines, which produce electricity.

Breeder reactor: Believed by some to be the reactor of the future because it will extend the use of uranium resources from a few decades to a few centuries. A form of the breeder reactor now being developed by the government would contain a core of fissionable uranium-235 surrounded by a blanket of non-fissionable uranium-238. Neutrons produced in the fission of U-235 would unite with atoms of U-238 to create fissionable plutonium-239. This could in turn be used to fuel reactors, or to make bombs.

Uranium: A heavy element found in nature in the form of a metal and used as fuel in nuclear-power plants. As mined, it consists of 99.3 percent non-fissionable uranium-238 and 0.7 percent fissionable uranium-235. For use in U.S. nuclear-power plants it must be enriched to about 3 percent uranium-235.

Plutonium: The man-made element that the proliferation fuss is all about. It is produced as a result of the fission process in nuclear-power plants and can be used to make plutonium bombs or to fuel other nuclear-power plants. Its chemical symbol—Pu—is said to have been bestowed on it instead of the more traditional Pl by its discoverer, Nobelist Glenn Seaborg, because of its assault on his olfactory nerves.

Enrichment: The chemical process in which the two isotopes of uranium—all mixed up together in the naturally occurring form of the element—are rearranged so that the resulting product contains a higher proportion of the fissionable isotope, uranium-235. Power reactors in operation in the U.S. and being sold by us in foreign markets almost all need slightly enriched uranium fuel.

Reprocessing: The chemical process by which usable uranium and plutonium are extracted from the spent fuel of nuclear-power plants to be made into more nuclear fuel. If the federal government permits the nuclear industry to do this, electricity will be cheaper.

Proliferation: The process by which small nations can acquire nuclear bombs. "Give them the tools [reactors, enrichment and reprocessing plants] and they can finish the job."

Maximum credible accident: The accident that might occur in a nuclear-power reactor if everything that could go wrong went wrong simultaneously. Having figured that out, engineers then set out to design nuclear-power plants to prevent or contain the maximum credible accident. Nobody knows whether they have succeeded because no such accident has ever occurred.

—WADSWORTH LIKELY

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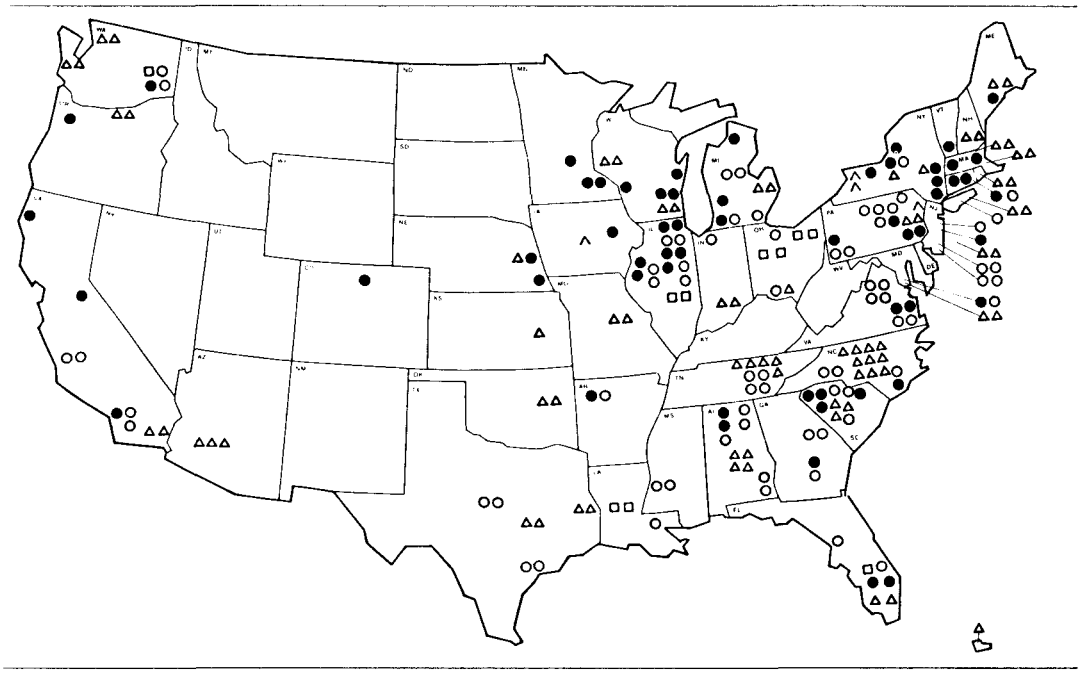

Nuclear-power plants in the United States as of January 1, 1976

grown to twice Westinghouse's size. With both companies competing in myriad capital-intensive product lines, Westinghouse was at a formidable disadvantage. In nuclear power Westinghouse saw the opportunity to create an entirely new industry and thus escape its second-class status. The profits could be enormous. John W. Simpson, Westinghouse's top nuclear executive, told one reporter in 1973 that, assuming Westinghouse could merely maintain its market share, nuclear power could add as much as $300 billion to the company's revenues through the end of the decade.

What's more, the dreary image of Westinghouse's "calamity prone" management would fade, and Westinghouse executives would be celebrated by the press and pursued by executive recruiters.

It was more than corporate profits and individual vanity, however, that inspired Westinghouse's early interest in nuclear power and helps explain the depth of its present commitment. In 1946, Simpson, then a promising engineer in his early thirties, was sent by Westinghouse to the government's atomic-research laboratory at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to study the notion of generating electricity from the atom. There, Simpson found himself in an environment that was to shape his, and Westinghouse's, perception of nuclear power for the next three decades. He shared bachelor quarters with a U.S. Navy lieutenant commander named Hyman Rickover (later Admiral Rickover, the "father" of the nuclear Navy), who was to become a longtime professional associate of Simpson. He found himself working alongside scientists and engineers who only months earlier had witnessed the horrifying carnage that their development of nuclear fission had made possible. For many, turning the grim power of the atom to some benign use had already become a crusade. When Simpson returned to Westinghouse two years later he, too, had become an evangelist. "In those days people thought we were being constructive," says Simpson, "not devils bent on destroying mankind."

At Westinghouse, executives tend to stay in one division for much of their careers, and this gave Simpson, a man of courtly manners and strong convictions, ample time to transmit his enthusiasm to others. In the 1950s he urged Westinghouse management to undertake work on the pioneering U.S.S. *Nautilus*, the world's first atomic-powered submarine. By 1957, using technology developed in the *Nautilus* program, Westinghouse had completed the nation's first nuclear-power plant at Shippingport, under a contract with the Atomic Energy Commission. In the 1960s, as Simpson rose in the Westinghouse hierarchy, he led the company into the costly battle against its archrival. In that battle General Electric, whose nuclear operation is thought to be only marginally profitable today, has lost an estimated $500 million, while Westinghouse has probably made enough money in the past few years to recoup its earlier $200 to $300 million losses.

Turning those losses into profits was important to Westinghouse chairman Donald C. Burnham, whose aim was to lift earnings to $2.50 a share before he retired in 1975—a goal he underlined with the $2.50 gold coin he regularly wore in his tie clasp. It was a goal he never achieved. For Simpson, profits were also important, and he would tell securities analysts that the nuclear-power industry could become "*the* dramatic growth business of the 1980s," but he would also remind listeners that it was different from such common businesses as manufacturing appliances or marketing toothpaste. As he told one group, a career in nuclear power represented not only an opportunity for "wealth and personal accomplishment" but a chance to "eradicate hunger and want" and to be "of service to your fellowman."

However, as Simpson and Westinghouse's other top executives peered into the future from their spacious offices overlooking the spectacular confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, they made two fundamental misjudgments. First, they failed to foresee the enormous escalation in costs. The errors in their predictions are astonishing. In the early 1960s, for example, Simpson projected that by the mid-1970s nuclear plants would be constructed with a fuel cost of only one tenth of a cent per kilowatt-hour. In con-

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trast, the actual figure will soon reach a half-cent, five times as high. A few years later he told a group of New York securities analysts that in the 1970s "the rapid increase in nuclear-plant construction costs will level off and probably decrease." In fact, they have gone up even more sharply than before.

A considerably more understandable misjudgment, but one that may in the long run prove more costly, was Westinghouse's failure to anticipate the growing importance of the Natural Resources Defense Council, the Union of Concerned Scientists, Ralph Nader's Critical Mass, and a half dozen or so other anti-nuclear organizations.

THE CRITICS' attack has focused primarily on the safety and the environmental effects of nuclear plants. They argue that a core "meltdown," where the cooling water around a reactor is lost and its core melts into the ground, releasing clouds of radioactivity, could result in tens of thousands of injuries and fatalities. They contend that no one has yet come up with an acceptable solution to the problem of nuclear-waste storage. Using the regulatory and judicial processes, the critics have forced so many engineering redesigns and licensing delays that the industry now claims the critics are largely responsible for the enormous cost overruns.

Sam W. Shelby, the head of Westinghouse's nuclear-marketing program, says that Westinghouse can build an overseas plant in five years, a little more than half the time it takes to complete a U.S. plant. Boston Edison, for example, calculates that the costs of a nuclear plant it wants to build in Plymouth, Massachusetts, but which has yet to be approved because of doubts about its capacity to withstand an earthquake, have risen $18.5 million per month due to interest costs, increased construction costs, and the utility's having to continue using oil. "Construction costs are twice what they should be mainly because of people who have attacked the industry," says Shelby.

With the explosion in costs, the critics have begun emphasizing a second main point: that nuclear power may well not be economical. They point to cost overruns that have averaged about 200 percent. They contrast the claims that

Turning that "Worthless White Metal" into Gold

IN 1935 Webster's dictionary defined uranium as a "worthless white metal." Twenty years later Atomic Energy Commission chairman Lewis Strauss predicted that nuclear power would someday be "too cheap to meter." Such major misjudgments and extravagant claims seem always to have gone hand in hand with nuclear power and may in part explain the extremes that characterize this distinctive industry of adventurous prospectors and conservative utilities, huge profits and mammoth losses, secret cartels and cutthroat competition.

It all usually begins in the West, which contains nearly all the nation's known uranium reserves. There the uranium-mining companies, some of the biggest of which are Kerr-McGee, United Nuclear, Anaconda, and Exxon, remove the crude ore, which typically contains less than one half of one percent uranium, and ship it to the mills. The mills, most of which are owned by mining companies, extract the uranium (U_3O_8) and send the "yellowcake," as it is called, to either of two conversion plants—one owned by Kerr-McGee, the other by Allied Chemical. There the uranium is converted into uranium hexafluoride (UF_6).

The fuel then passes into the hands of the government, which operates $2.4 billion worth of facilities, in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, where the fuel's fissionable content is enriched. From there it goes to fabricating plants, most of which are operated by the nuclear-reactor manufacturers—Westinghouse, General Electric, Combustion Engineering, and Babcock & Wilcox—where it is converted into uranium dioxide powder (UO_2) and encased in tubing. The tubing is shipped to 64 nuclear reactors operated by 38 utilities (the largest of which is Illinois's Commonwealth Edison, with seven plants), where it is inserted in reactors and burned.

At this point, the industry's most serious problem develops. At present, the spent fuel is temporarily stored. What the industry would like to do is to reprocess the fuel—that is, to separate the plutonium that was created in the reactor, as well as the remaining uranium, from the valueless wastes. The wastes would be buried, but the uranium and the plutonium could be sent back through the fuel cycle and used in the nuclear reactor once again.

The government already reprocesses military wastes at plants in Georgia and Washington. But no commercial plant is presently in operation. Getty Oil recently closed its upstate New York plant rather than invest $800 million to meet new safety standards. General Electric wrote off a $64 million Illinois venture when its new technology failed to work properly. A $250 million venture headed by Allied Chemical in South Carolina is currently stalled by regulatory and technical problems.

The industry views closing the fuel cycle as essential, partly because recycling the uranium and plutonium will make more fuel available, but mainly because the reprocessing technology is essential for the development of the breeder reactor, which, because it will produce more fuel than it consumes, is the industry's proposed solution to an eventual fuel shortage. But the government, caught up in doubts about the economics of recycling and fears about the proliferation of plutonium, has so far failed to give reprocessing the go-ahead. "Across the board everyone has underestimated the difficulties involved in this industry," says Harvard Business School professor Irvin C. Bupp, who is writing a book on nuclear power. "It is as if an airframe manufacturer had designed a reliable and economical airframe, had made reasonably sure that he was going to have an engine for it . . . but had really never paid much attention as to whether necessary ancillaries like airports and control towers and pilots were available." —T.S.

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Behind the buttons, there's a "brain."

Electronic intelligence has come to the phone system.

It's part of our new electronic switching machines, working round-the-clock to give you better phone service.

And it's another innovation in telecommunications from Bell Labs and Western Electric.

Intelligent Systems.

Conventional electromechanical switching couldn't have kept up with the enormous increase in telephone calling. Only electronic switching can do that. So we've developed a family of electronic machines that are handling calls in rural, suburban and metropolitan areas.

And our new long-distance electronic system handles 550,000 calls an hour—four times as many as before.

So your Bell telephone company can continue to respond to your needs better and, at the same time, keep your costs reasonable.

Since electronic switching machines run on instructions that can be easily changed, their operations and services can be changed without rewiring or adding equipment.

This flexibility makes many new services practical. Like having your calls forwarded to another number or being signalled the instant a busy line becomes free. The instructions are just programmed into the system's memory.

Electronic switching systems can do more because they're much faster than electromechanical systems. So even though they're handling many more calls, electronic systems have time left over for other tasks.

They continuously check themselves for trouble, diagnose any they find, signal for help, and route calls around a trouble spot.

But trouble is rare with electronic switching.

Today's systems are working round-the-clock with less than 12 minutes "downtime" a year on the average. That makes them 99.9998% reliable.

Our Biggest Job Ever.

The development of electronic switching was the biggest project ever undertaken by Bell Labs and Western Electric in our efforts to keep your phone bill down.

It required an enormous investment in research and development.

Building it took even more work and money.

But now there are 1000 electronic switching offices serving communities of every size as well as handling long distance calls. And a new office is being installed about every working day.

The System Works.

It took the Bell System to develop electronic switching.

Because only the Bell System has Bell Laboratories and Western Electric working together to make your telephone system the most reliable and least expensive in the world.

Which is to say, we had the brawn to put a "brain" behind your phone.

One of a series of messages to keep you informed of how telecommunications technology is changing our world—and the part Bell Labs, Western Electric and your Bell Telephone Company are playing in it.

Western Electric / Bell Laboratories

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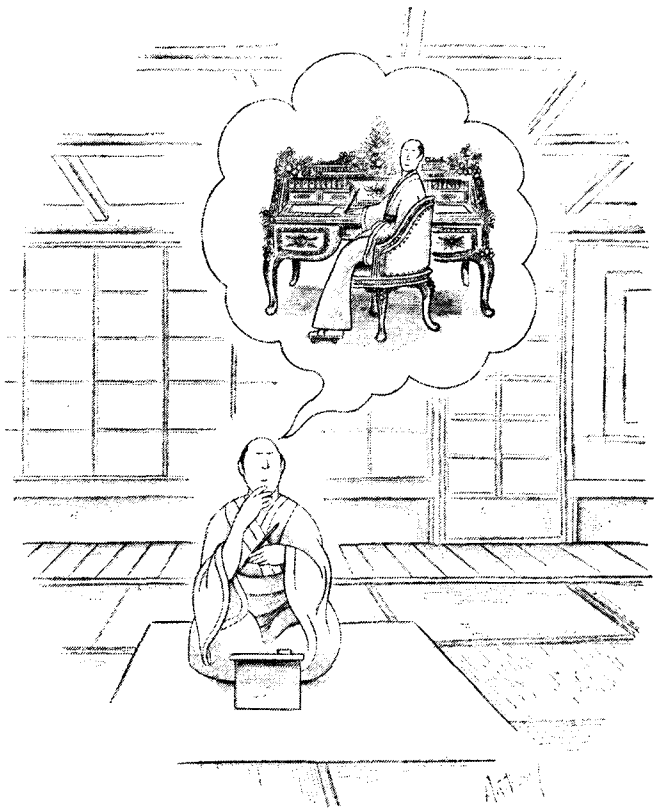
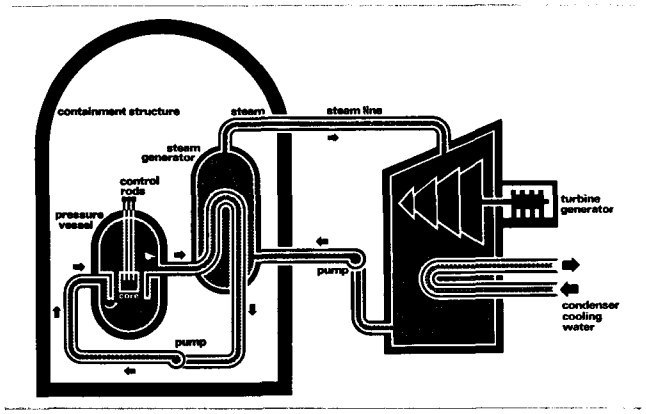
nuclear reactors would run at 75 percent of capacity or better with studies, such as one recently completed by Charles Komanoff of the Council on Economic Priorities, that indicate that their actual performance has been only 59 percent of capacity. And they contend that the industry would be moribund today save for the billions of federal dollars that are sustaining it.

Third, the critics maintain that the nation has become an energy junky. There is no need, they contend, to continue increasing total energy consumption at 3.4 percent a year and electric consumption at 7 percent. They cite countries such as Switzerland, West Germany, and Sweden, which, although consuming only 60 percent as much energy or less per capita, have equaled or surpassed the United States in prosperity. They quote the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project, which concluded that with conservation, the nation could cut its electric and total energy growth to less than 2 percent a year and still expand its gross national product at virtually the same pace through the end of the century.

Westinghouse officials freely admit that they at first failed to perceive the growing effect of the opposition. But as an increasing number of nuclear plants were delayed and preparations began for the first state referenda, the company's attitude changed.

WESTINGHOUSE mounted a counterattack. It deployed a cadre of nine young volunteer engineers to more than 30 college campuses to defend nuclear power before skeptical student audiences. It corralled sponsors for 31 pages of pro-nuclear advertising in *Fortune* and helped establish Americans for Energy Independence, a Washington, D.C., coalition of corporations, unions, and conservation





Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc.

Pressurized-water reactor—As with the boilers in plants burning coal, oil, or gas, a nuclear-power reactor produces steam to drive a turbine, which turns an electric generator.

groups that last year placed a $450,000 series of ads in the *Reader's Digest* urging speedier development of coal and uranium resources. Senior managers and engineers were flown to key referendum states last fall to argue against anti-nuclear initiatives. Simpson, who in line with company policy retired from active management two years ago to become a "director-officer" of the corporation on two thirds his former $178,000 salary, now spends the bulk of his time advocating nuclear power and serving in such posts as chairman of the Atomic Industrial Forum, an association of some 600 corporations and other organizations that, with a press and public-information budget of about $1.5 million, is probably the industry's most influential spokesman.

First, Westinghouse argues, nuclear power is safe—not absolutely safe, but safer than any practical alternative. The radioactive waste, says Westinghouse, which so far amounts to only about one percent of that created by the military's nuclear-weapons program, can be safely stored in underground rock-salt formations that have not been disturbed by earthquakes for millions of years. Plutonium, which is extracted from the nuclear waste by reprocessing, could indeed be used to make nuclear weapons, Westinghouse concedes, but atomic bombs can also be built *without* reactors. And in any case the U.S. could foster far more effective international controls by taking the leadership in nuclear development rather than by surrendering it to other nations.

As for the safety of the plants themselves, Westinghouse cites studies equating the probability of a nuclear-plant disaster with the odds of a meteorite striking a city. Nuclear-industry safety, it points out, is in marked contrast to that in the coal industry, which has hundreds of mining fatalities per year and whose product contributes to still more deaths through air pollution. "How many people have been killed in a commercial nuclear plant?" asks Shelby. "None. But I'll tell you right now that a thousand people will die from coal this year."

Second, Westinghouse believes that nuclear energy is vital to the nation's security. In the last decade, U.S. oil imports have climbed from less than 20 percent to over 40 percent of the nation's total oil consumption. In Simpson's view, this places the U.S. in the most vulnerable position in its history. "A few hundred people could cut off our oil supply," he

Continued on page 55

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It may not be the best system the world will ever see. But it's the best one we've seen yet.

And it's up to us to keep it working.

The rest of the world acknowledges the American economy as the most productive in history.

Other governments envy the system that has made such giant contributions to the human condition.

As businessmen, we know our system affords people more opportunity to fulfill their potential than any other yet devised.

We know that only when business is permitted to operate profitably can we discharge the many obligations to society of responsible corporate citizens.

And that taxes on corporate profits enable society to share, with those who cannot work, the benefits of productive effort.

We also know the system will only work as well as we do.

Some people argue that competitive enterprise has outlived its usefulness. That the time has come to replace it with something else.

But nobody quite knows what to replace it with, and still preserve our freedom.

Faith in the system gave Pennwalt its start a good many years ago. Faith in the system guides our successful growth today.

But it's not a blind faith. We know there are problems. We also know from experience that every problem carries with it the chance of a workable solution.

So while competitive enterprise may not be the best system the world will ever see, it *is* the best one we've seen yet.

(If this ad makes sense to you, why not share it with someone of a more skeptical bent.)

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 126 years we've been making things people need–including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
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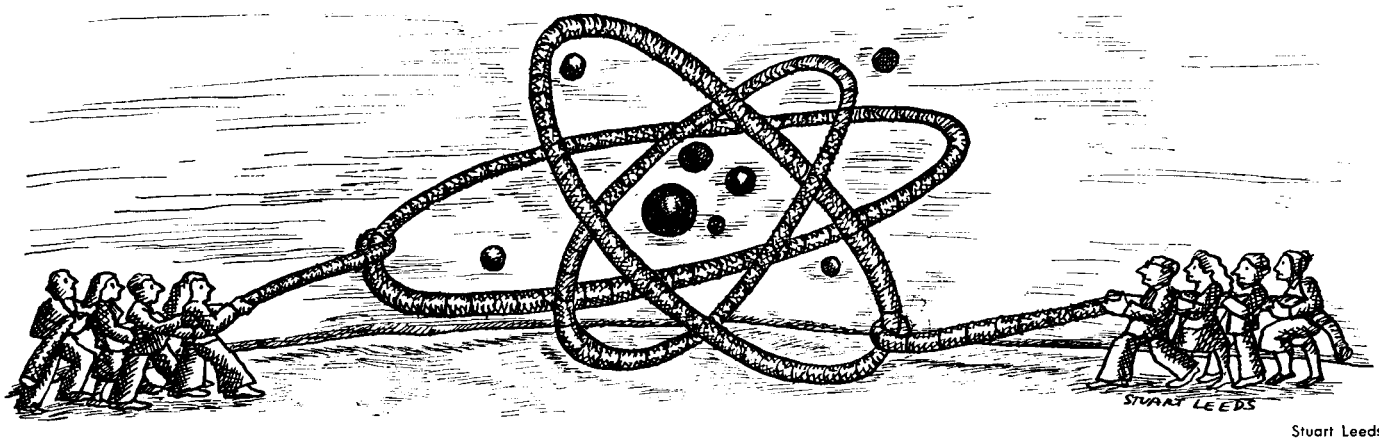

Stuart Leeds

Massing at the Grass Roots

The nuclear industry could become a modern Gulliver, spread-eagled across America, bound hand and foot by anti-nuclearists

by Roger M. Williams

AN AWESOME struggle is brewing between the proponents and opponents of nuclear power. Before it ends it may well prove to be one of the most divisive and bitterly contested American issues of the late twentieth century. Thus far, the battlegrounds have been the polling places and, to a lesser extent, the courts. And thus far, the nuclear advocates have been victorious—most notably in Ohio and six western states, where last year they defeated referenda that would have severely restricted, if not prohibited, the use of nuclear power.

But the struggle is far from over. Because of the complexity and staggering expense of nuclear development, the public utilities and allied industries may wind up winning the battles and losing the war.

Until recently, nuclear power for peaceful purposes had an almost clear field politically in the United States. Opposition was limited to scattered environmentalists and a handful of vocal congressmen who tried, with little success, to blunt the ongoing federal commitment to nuclear power. When nuclear generating plants began to proliferate, however, the whole concept of nuclear energy for peaceful purposes was challenged by a movement joining conservationists, limited-growth advocates, and safety-minded opponents of all things nuclear. The two sides have grown rapidly in strength. The pro-nuclear side is backed by utilities, huge industrial concerns, and organized labor; the anti-nuclear by a broad cross section of society that bridges the divisions evident with other social issues.

While opposition to nuclear development is growing in Congress and will get at least a sympathetic hearing in the Carter administration, the states probably will be the political arena in which the issue is decided. For even if the federal government clears away current obstacles to licensing and fuel reprocessing, legislatures and voters acting through the referendum process apparently can refuse to permit nuclear plants within a state's borders. If the states do that, either straight out or by imposing standards the industry cannot meet, the powerful and restless "atomic industrial complex" will be like the lonesome ladies' man of grandpa's day—all dressed up with no place to go.

Opposition to nuclear power has much in common with other social protests of the past two decades. One finds the same massing at the grass roots, skilled use of media and political pressure, and even some cases of civil and not-so-civil disobedience (for example, a young Massachusetts communard toppling a 500-foot weather tower on a nuclear-reactor construction site). But anti-nuclearism differs from its social-protest predecessors in fundamental respects. It deals with a subject rooted in science and technology. More important, it grows out of fear: the fear of vast destruction of life and property. Three decades and much technological progress after World War II, the term "nuclear" still carries heavy tones of Hiroshima-style annihilation.

The utilities and the nuclear-hardware manufacturers obviously would benefit most from full-scale nuclear development. Closely allied with them are large banks and construction firms, which have a major stake in continued expansion of the American economy. In *Nuclear Power: The Unviable Option* (see page 31), John Berger castigates "a well-entrenched, multi-billion-dollar complex of national, multinational, and regional corporations, united in an unseemly compact with important government officials and agencies."

Perhaps because economic self-interest is so directly involved, defenders of the nuclear cause have set up costly and sophisticated propaganda machinery to promote nuclear development. The Atomic Industrial Forum, the American Public Power Association, and the American Nuclear Society—10,000 scientists, engineers, and administrators employed in one area or another of nuclear enterprise—are among the groups that proselytize relentlessly for nuclear development.

On the opposing side, too, are a degree of organization and a propaganda capability unknown to the civil-rights and Vietnam War crusaders. Battle-wise groups like the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth have joined forces with the myriad environmental-action and defense organizations—and more recently with the state citizens' opera-

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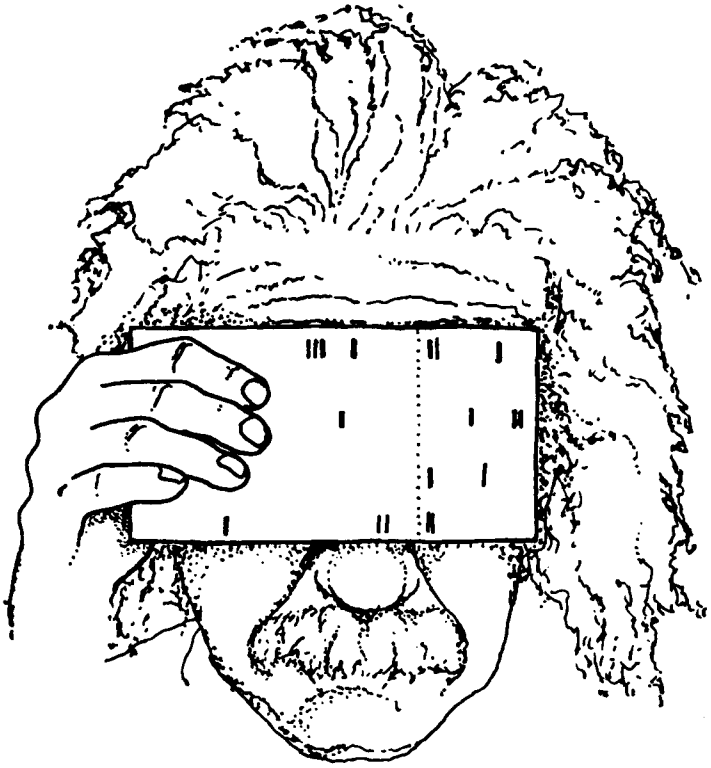
You don't have to be a nuclear physicist to understand an electric bill.



The numbers next to the $ sign are a lot higher today than a couple of years ago. And we can expect even bigger bills as prices increase for oil, coal, natural gas—the main sources for the energy we use.

That's why the world is turning to nuclear power as a practical alternative. Nuclear power can cut our future electricity costs and reduce dependence on those few countries that control oil production and prices. Thousands of American communities now enjoy power, light and heat from nuclear energy. By 1985, there will be at least 300 nuclear power plants in the U.S. and overseas.

Nuclear power is produced by reactors that run on uranium. After 3 or 4 years the fuel rods in a reactor are spent and taken out. They can be stored away. But they contain plutonium, as well as unburned uranium, and discarding them means losing forever a potential source of energy. However, there is a way to reprocess this material, to generate at least 50% additional electricity instead of simply throwing away this valuable resource.

Right now, there's only one facility in the entire U.S.—at Barnwell, South Carolina, built by our company in partnership with General Atomic—that is able to evaluate the benefits of reprocessing. At full operation, Barnwell will reprocess spent nuclear fuel from 50-60 reactors every year. This reusable fuel can provide the energy equivalent of almost 70 million tons of coal or nearly 300 million barrels of crude oil a year. That's a lot of energy that would be wasted without reprocessing.

Reprocessing provides another plus. By significantly reducing the amount of highly radioactive nuclear waste, the need for storage locations is lessened—an environmental as well as economic benefit.

But Barnwell is idle. It can't get started until the government clarifies its position on nuclear fuel recycling.

Barnwell can establish that effective safeguards can be maintained over the plutonium contained in spent fuel. In doing so, it will go a long way toward providing an answer to the problem of international nuclear arms proliferation.

Recent surveys show that a majority of Americans favor more nuclear power plants. Barnwell is the key to proving that reprocessing can help make nuclear power the choice of the future—an economical, safe and environmentally acceptable answer to America's need for electricity.

It doesn't take a degree in nuclear physics to make that choice. Barnwell and the American people are waiting.

Allied Chemical

For copies of this ad and information about how nuclear fuel reprocessing can help solve our energy problems, write to: Energy, Allied Chemical Corporation, P.O. Box 2245R, Morristown, N.J. 07960

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tions pushing the anti-nuclear referenda. Both camps have sent people and money—sometimes from coast to coast—to fight the referendum battles. Both have marshaled names and supporting statements from a confusing array of eminent scientists. Beginning with the California campaign, the anti-nuclear camp has had the publicity and fund-raising assistance of entertainment personalities; John Denver raised $20,000 at a special California concert, and he and Lily Tomlin gave benefit performances in Oregon.

AT THE heart of the grass-roots opposition to nuclear power is the contention that it is unsafe. The argument relies on a combination of fear and logic rather than demonstrable proof, because there never has been a major nuclear accident. We've just been lucky, the nuclear opponents insist; the systems used in today's huge reactors have been inadequately tested; a reactor "meltdown" could result in an incalculable loss of lives. Further, they contend, there is not yet any reliable method for disposing of the radioactive wastes. Although the opponents often make other arguments, such as cost, safety will almost surely be the issue on which they will succeed or fail.

Proposition Fifteen, the California anti-nuclear referendum, was intended as a near knockout blow to nuclear development in that state. As framed by California's legion of liberal public activists, Fifteen proposed to forbid construction of any new nuclear-power plants and to downgrade to 60 percent of their licensed capacity the two existing plants unless the current federal limit on insurance liability for nuclear accidents ($560 million) was removed. Such a downgrading would make plant operation impossibly expensive. The proposition also gave the power of approval over nuclear-safety and waste-storage systems to a two-thirds majority of the legislature.

California utilities and nuclear-hardware manufacturers jumped quickly and massively into the struggle. Pacific Gas & Electric, which services 46 of the state's 58 counties, had played a prominent role in defeating earlier environmental referenda, but this time the company, by its own admission, went all out. Without formal authorization of its board and with "absolutely minimal complaint" from its 185,000 California stockholders, PG&E poured over a half-million dollars into the campaign against Fifteen—$97,500 in cash contributions to the campaign coordinating committee, the rest in so-called in-kind payments, chiefly executive man-hours.

While PG&E used modest amounts of pressure to enlist its employees in the anti-Fifteen campaign, General Electric was much more aggressive. Executives at GE's San Jose nuclear plant, says a well-informed source, "practically ordered their people to come to indoctrination meetings. They held six sessions, for a thousand people each, at the local fairgrounds, and it was all done on company time." An estimated 25 percent of the GE employees "volunteered" for such activities as handing out No-on-Fifteen literature and canvassing door to door; they were part of a force of 3,000 weekend volunteers with an obvious personal stake in nuclear development.

A combination of good fortune and smart strategy helped California's nuclear proponents. The state supreme court invalidated limitations on referendum campaign spending, opening the way to a fresh infusion of corporate funds. The coordinating committee hired professional management, an adroit Los Angeles consulting firm named Winner-Wagner. Oddly enough, former partisans of Eugene McCarthy worked with conservative Republicans in Winner-Wagner's northern California campaign. Anti-Fifteen advertising shunned what Chuck Winner calls the "these crazies are after our jobs" approach in favor of ads that were heavy on copy and prestigious endorsements.

A change of strategy by the pro-Fifteen forces was equally important to the outcome. For months, Project Survival, the principal pro-Fifteen organization, stressed the contention that nuclear power is unsafe, posing an argument that, as a confidential PG&E memo later stated, nuclear advocates "would not have won." Late in the campaign, when opinion polls showed the proposition suffering a narrow defeat, the theme was abruptly changed to an attack on the free-spending utilities and their corporate allies. The new strategy failed dismally. "It was no revelation to voters that power companies are behind nuclear development," reflects a Project Survival worker. "And just because the public sees a general lack of credibility in the utilities doesn't mean it won't believe what they say on something like future energy needs." Proposition Fifteen lost by a two-to-one margin, and in every county save San Francisco.

LOPSIDED as it was, the California result did not slow the efforts of nuclear opponents in Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Oregon, Washington, and Ohio, the states with anti-nuclear measures on the November ballot. All six measures followed the broad outlines of Proposition Fifteen—requiring public proof of plant and waste-disposal safety and the waiving of liability limits—but they applied only to future facilities; plants already in operation, which four of those six states have, would not be affected. The opposing alignments also followed the California pattern, with the Winner-Wagner strategists hired by opponents of the referenda in Arizona and Montana.

Because Oregon has a recent history of strong public support for environmental causes (*SR/World*, November 16, 1974), I spent several days looking at the campaigns for and against its anti-nuclear referendum, Ballot Measure Nine. At that point, five weeks before election day, newspaper polls showed the measure leading by a 45–27 margin, but the campaign had not yet swung into high gear. For one thing, that meant Oregon had not yet felt the full impact of Ken Rinke, a Portland advertising man who is an old hand at defeating environmental crusades; several years ago, Rinke's "Beware of the Tricks in Six" slogan doomed a ballot measure aimed at purchasing beaches for public use.

I talked first with Howell Appling, the tall, western-dressed co-chairman of Rinke's group, Oregonians Against the Ban on Nuclear Energy (OAB). Appling voiced OAB's principal contention, that Nine was an effort to ban nuclear power masquerading as merely an attempt to make it "safe." His organization's biggest problem, he admitted unhappily, was trying to get the safety bugaboo off its back—a problem graphically illustrated by a recent Gallup poll in which 71 percent of the respondents said they considered it "extremely" or "somewhat" important to have more nuclear plants, but only 34 percent said they felt current nuclear facilities were "safe enough." Appling cited estimates that Oregon's energy needs will increase from the present 25 mil-

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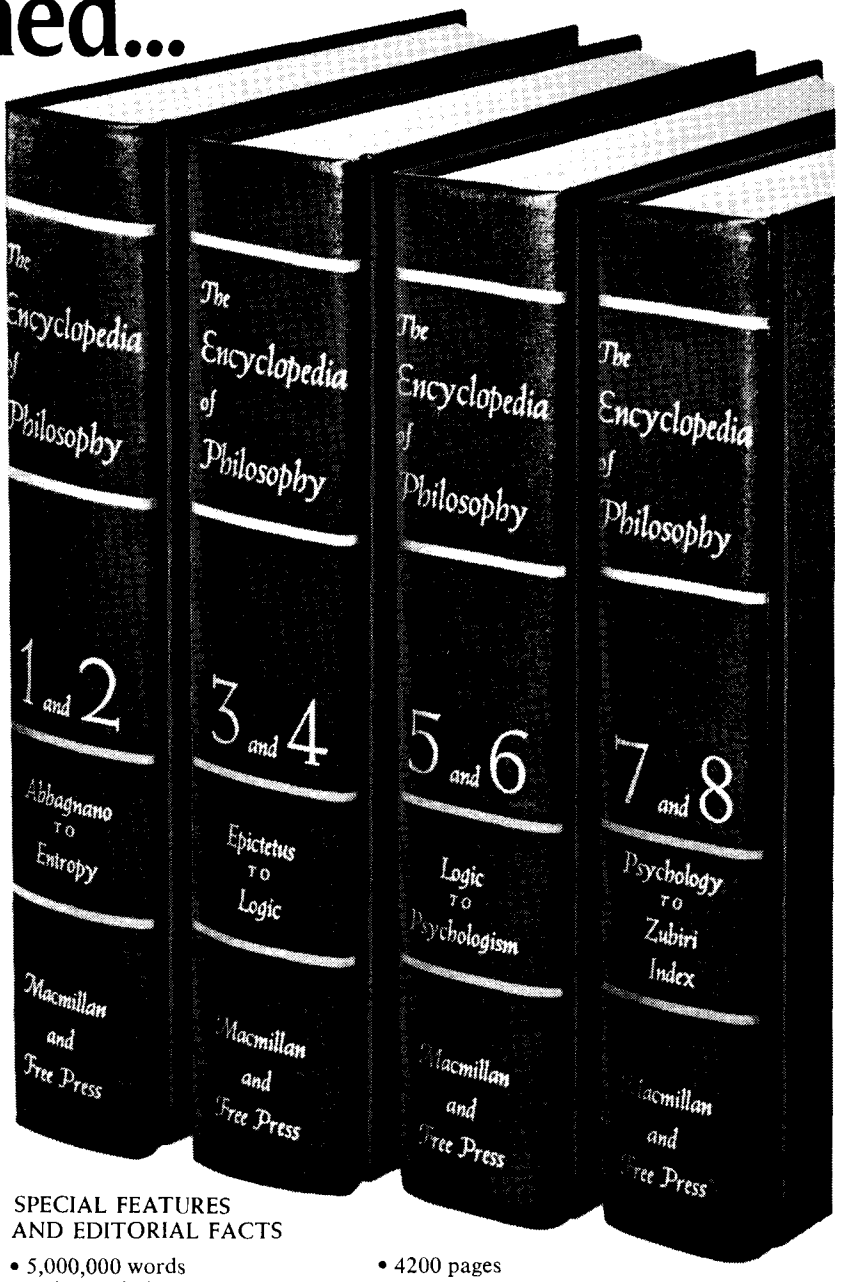

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lion kilowatts a year to 39.5 million in 1986 and 52 million in 1996 and that without progressively more nuclear energy, the state will be unable to meet these needs.

At Pacific Power & Light, the Northwest's largest utility, vice-president Jack McIsaac called the pro-Nine forces "well-meaning but myopic. Even if nobody else is born in Oregon, we're going to have to find two hundred fifty thousand jobs between now and 1990. Where's the power to create these jobs and serve these homes going to come from? They talk about solar and geothermal energy and so on, but none of those will be totally viable until at least the Nineties. And Oregon doesn't have enough sunshine for a big solar operation, anyway." McIsaac added a dig that I was to hear several times: "The people who support Nine, for the most part, will be able to pay their electric bills no matter how scarce electricity becomes. It's the low-income groups that will be hurt if this ballot measure passes."

Portland General Electric, the state's other large utility, has a two-thirds interest in Oregon's only operating nuclear plant and is a principal partner in the next plant scheduled for construction. PGE's Duke Wieden talked about differences between proponents of Ballot Measure Nine and earlier antagonists of nuclear power: "Anti-nuclear people tend to be young student types with a strong social orientation. But this group [Oregonians for Nuclear Safeguards] is a more mature mix—mid to high income level, a lot of them from the professions, and very sincere.

"We didn't foresee political problems seven or eight years ago," Wieden told me. "Our biggest concerns when we decided to go nuclear were plain environmental—pollution, for instance. So we built the cooling towers. That was a big concession, but it was no answer to what was going to happen nationally—the attempts to stop us from building, period, and the federal delays on reprocessing and wastes."

In Oregon, which has no manufacturers of nuclear hardware, the utilities' strongest ally on the nuclear issue has been organized labor. All but a handful of Oregon's labor unions and leaders publicly opposed Ballot Measure Nine. For the building trades, the opposition was quite baldly a matter of prospective jobs at building sites and related projects, but even the building tradesmen sometimes voiced their concern in broader terms. Declared the executive secretary of the Oregon building-trades council: "The curtailment of facilities which supply our energy needs will not only mean fewer opportunities for the construction worker but also . . . for the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker." On this, as on an increasing number of other issues, big labor and big business now find themselves in essential agreement, partners in pursuit of perpetual economic expansion.

Many of Oregon's high elected officials waffled on Ballot Measure Nine because they saw little to be gained by identifying with one side of an emotional issue that they themselves would not ultimately decide. The heavy majority of those who did take a stand, including Governor Robert Straub, opposed the measure, often citing one of the strongest No-on-Nine arguments: Oregon already has the nation's best nuclear-protection laws, statutes that empower a department of state government to reject an application to build a nuclear plant and the governor to overturn any approval the department bestows.

I asked Chris Thomas, the thirty-year-old legal counsel for Oregonians for Nuclear Safeguards (ONS), why those laws weren't protection enough against unwise nuclear development. "Because they establish a procedure but no standards," Thomas replied. "Besides, they leave too much discretion in the hands of the governor and a board that serves at his pleasure." The ONS organization was the largest and most sophisticated ever assembled in behalf of an Oregon environmental effort. Earnest young professionals, as well as earnest young amateurs, directed it. They raised $275,000, more than twice as much as originally budgeted, and they supplemented it with the work of 2,000 volunteers.

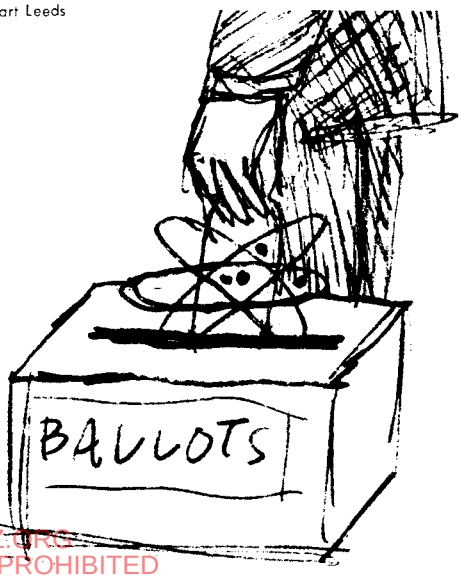
The volunteers' main job was to knock on 225,000 doors, half the number of registered-voter households in the state, in order to bring out enough votes to assure victory. The ONS people stuck tenaciously to their single theme of nuclear safety, while OAB argued on a variety of economic, legal, and energy-development grounds, always promoting the idea that Ballot Measure Nine in effect proposed to ban nuclear power.

Perhaps Oregon's nuclear proponents outmaneuvered its nuclear opponents. They certainly outspent them, by well over three to one. Preliminary figures indicated that by election day, OAB, drawing on the utilities and out-of-state corporate supporters, had put approximately $1 million into the anti-Nine campaign—which comes out to roughly one dollar for each vote cast, pro or con, on the measure. The out-of-state contributors included almost all the big names of the nuclear industry, even far-distant Con Edison of New York, and their contributions ranged up to the $35,000 kicked in by Westinghouse.

The vote in Oregon was 57 percent against Ballot Measure Nine, 43 percent for it, a stunning reversal of the opinion-poll indications of five weeks earlier. In the other nuclear-referendum states, the measures lost by as much as a 70–30 margin.

Yet Chris Thomas and other anti-nuclearists with whom I talked the day after the election spoke with confidence and determination about renewing the struggle. It'll be easier for us next time, they said in effect, and even if we can't kill nuclear power, we can stall it till it drops dead of its own economic weight. That is not simply the bravado of zealots. In the offices of the big western utilities, private assessments hold that the enemy's predictions may well prove correct. The nuclear industry could become a modern Gulliver, spread across America, with Lilliputians busy binding it hand and foot. ◉

Stuart Leeds



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Paralysis on the Potomac

Government vacillation poses perhaps *the* major threat to a viable nuclear industry

by John C. Sawhill

THE nuclear-energy business in the United States is at a critical juncture. Above all, fear is in the air: fear of guerrilla-inspired terrorism and sabotage of nuclear plants abroad; fear that other nations may buy plants from us, then use them to make nuclear weapons; and fear, finally, of catastrophic nuclear-plant accidents.

The upshot has been the emergence of a mind-set favoring curtailment of our role in the world nuclear-energy export race. And as a result, our share of world nuclear-energy sales has fallen in the past three years to 42 percent from a previous high of 85 percent.

Meanwhile, back home, serious questions are being raised about domestic production of nuclear energy. There are today about 60 nuclear plants in the U.S.—producing about 8 percent of our electricity—and about 150 other plants under construction or on order.

Yet lately there have been big cutbacks in plans for new construction. These cancellations are attributable to a variety of factors, including the utility industry's recent difficulty in attracting capital, a growth in energy demand that is lower than was anticipated, and, significantly, uncertainties created by vacillations in government policy toward nuclear expansion.

Ironically, these curtailments may actually work against reducing nuclear dangers on a global scale. A recent study by the Committee for Economic Development concluded that "withdrawal of U.S. support from peaceful nuclear developments abroad or renouncing nuclear energy in this country and suppressing its technological development would nullify whatever moderating influence the United States could hope to exercise through continued leadership and cooperation."

In short, the United States can only hope to influence worldwide nuclear policies—including standards for safety and limits on proliferation—by maintaining a leadership role in atomic-energy development. And it can only hope to maintain that role by assuring the continued viability of its domestic nuclear industry.

But the government's vacillation in formulating nuclear regulatory policy constitutes perhaps the major threat to that viability. In part, this vacillation has its roots in the historical development of the institutions designed to deal with safety, waste management, and proliferation concerns. The Atomic Energy Commission—now split into the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC)—and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy were never quite sure whether to place primary emphasis on stimulating the development of this promising new technology or on regulating and consequently retarding its growth in response to concerns about human and environmental safety.

By and large, the proponents of nuclear development appear to have won out—at least until very recently. But the unfortunate result is that some of the safety issues were either neglected or were not adequately explained and discussed in public forums. Thus, in the early 1970s, when Ralph Nader and others forcefully began to point out the dangers associated with increasing reliance on nuclear power, the government was not in a very good position to respond, and it failed to do so in a manner that inspired much public confidence.

THE institutional failure to develop credible safety standards for plant design and permanent solutions to waste-management problems has created uncertainties that have retarded growth in the industry. Specifically, there are three problems that still need to be resolved: the delays encountered by industry in siting nuclear plants; the confusion caused by constantly changing reactor safety standards; and the lack of a program for the storage of nuclear wastes.

First, domestic regulatory processes for plant siting and construction must be streamlined and coordinated. Industry spokesmen claim that the long, costly lead time can be traced in part to confusing and duplicative regulatory procedures. And, indeed, studies on the economics of nuclear power show a significant relationship between the length of the licensing period and reactor capital cost—the longer the licensing period, the higher the cost.

The process for licensing reactors embodies an extensive list of rule-making and adjudicative actions that includes provisions for interveners to lodge their objections to nuclear plants. Delays thus occur not only because of inefficiencies in the regulatory machinery but also because this machinery is used by nuclear critics, who do not place the same value on nuclear power as do its proponents.

It would seem, therefore, that apart from improving regulatory efficiency, delays can only be reduced by a lowered level of controversy or by shifting this controversy from the regulatory process to the political arena. In today's emotion-charged atmosphere, it is unlikely that the level of controversy will be lowered, but it may be that the forum for public debate should be changed. Perhaps the regulatory process, no matter how efficiently organized, is not the proper vehicle for deciding the major public-policy issues that surround nuclear power—issues such as proliferation and waste management. Certainly these issues must be debated, but the political process provides a far more expedient mechanism for resolving them than does a forum whose basic intent is technical and procedural.

MEANWHILE, the present multiplicity of siting and environmental regulations imposed by agencies at all government levels is an undeniable cause of delays. In some states applicants may have to file for up to 20 different—and often duplicative—federal, state, and local approval permits. The problem is that, in many cases, the substantive and legal relationships between federal and state regulatory agencies have not been well defined. The states have been active

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in imposing their own siting regulations and environmental standards, many of which either compromise or duplicate federal responsibilities. What is needed is comprehensive siting legislation that provides for simultaneous determination of the critical siting issues at all three levels of government, permits the maximum opportunity for state and local input, and clearly defines federal responsibility and authority vis-à-vis the states and localities.

Second, a better system is needed for evaluating reactor safety and introducing reactor safety standards. Government safety standards are still evolving, and they are changing at a rate that adds to the cost of building plants and to the cost of the electricity they generate. Industry cannot receive governmental assurance that the safety features it builds into plants today will not quickly become outmoded and have to be replaced tomorrow.

"The risks associated with waste storage have been shown to be manageable with existing technology; yet the absence of a definitive plan for utilizing this technology has undermined the public's acceptance of nuclear power."

Under the existing standards, the probability of a nuclear-reactor accident that would have a major impact on public health appears to be extremely slim, and certainly not unacceptable given the range of other peacetime risks in present-day society—floods, hurricanes, and so on. No matter how serious the potential effects of a catastrophic accident, calculations of the public-health risks from nuclear plants must reflect their tiny probability of occurrence, and these risks must be weighed against the health consequences of relying more heavily on alternative energy sources for electricity. From this perspective, most experts have concluded that the public-health consequences to be expected from nuclear plants are no more adverse than those from pollution-emitting, coal-fired plants of comparable size.

The uncertainties that surround the safety issue, however, point to the need for growing research-and-development efforts to reduce the probability of nuclear accidents. Moreover, this work becomes increasingly important as the size of the nuclear-power industry grows. But the current low risk of a catastrophic accident suggests that the constant introduction of new safety features is probably not imperative, especially because the benefits may be outweighed by the costs. One solution might be to freeze current standards for a period of time and introduce new standards in batches, rather than piecemeal, to minimize their disruptive effects on the continuity of electric service and on plant economics.

Third, the government should find a permanent solution to the waste-storage problem. The risks associated with waste storage have been shown to be manageable with existing technology; yet the absence of a definitive plan for utilizing this technology has undermined the public's acceptance of nuclear power. If radioactive waste is carefully stored deep underground in geologically stable formations, there is little chance that it will re-enter the environment in dangerous quantities. It may be possible that we are nearing a partial resolution of this issue in light of ERDA's recent announcement that it plans next spring to begin drilling repositories for isolating commercial nuclear wastes. Creation of these repositories will probably remove at least one immediate obstacle to the expanded use of nuclear power: the force of a federal court ruling last July which held that final licensing of nuclear-power plants must await a decision on what to do with the wastes from these plants.

In addition to adopting coherent domestic nuclear policies, the government must develop an effective plan for limiting worldwide proliferation risks. Facilities that can separate plutonium or produce highly enriched uranium provide the capability for all but the final steps in the production of nuclear weapons. Our export policy should be designed to discourage the introduction of these facilities in countries not now possessing them, and we should take the lead in developing a common non-introductory policy among other supplier nations. Similarly, potential buyers of these facilities should be persuaded that their benefits are outweighed by the risks of widespread nuclear proliferation. The United States itself must be prepared to defer its own plutonium-recycling and breeder-commercialization programs until effective safeguards are established in order to influence other suppliers to do the same. Fortunately, uranium is not running out so fast that we need rush ahead with these technologies. Before it runs out, effective methods *can* be introduced to prevent diversion of fissionable material to weapons.

Export bans on enrichment-and-reprocessing facilities will naturally cause concern over the future availability of the enriched fuel that powers the present generation of nuclear light-water reactors. Therefore, the United States should work to assure domestic and foreign consumers that adequate supplies of enriched uranium will be available to fuel any light-water reactors they might purchase.

Strengthening and broadening the mandate of the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) would help to enforce measures to limit proliferation. This agency has great potential value for helping to legitimize the needed bilateral and multilateral restraints on nuclear trade. But the IAEA is small, and its present functions are limited. It has a minimal safeguards budget of $6.4 million and only 87 inspectors to oversee 315 nuclear facilities worldwide. Moreover, it has no mechanism for dealing with a country that has broken the safeguards agreement; it can only alert the United States and other nations to the problem. Therefore, the United States should generously assist the IAEA financially, technically, and politically so that it can carry out its safeguarding function effectively.

Finally, U.S. nuclear policies must be viewed in the context of a unified national energy plan. We must have a clear idea of how much new nuclear capacity we will need by given dates if we are to design a sensible policy for nuclear development. And a national plan will only be effective if it is coordinated with policies on an international scale.

The United States cannot hope to influence international energy decisions unless it has a coherent, effective national policy of its own. And it cannot take a lead in solving international issues of nuclear-power production and safety if it has not resolved these issues at home. ◉

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"Even with maximum energy conservation effort, we will still need nuclear power." Dr. Ann C. Birge.

"As a nation, we are going to have to face the need for stronger conservation measures to stretch our energy resources. We have to drive our cars less. We have to insulate our homes better. We have to learn to use energy wisely.

"But even with these much needed conservation steps, we must still go ahead and develop both coal and nuclear energy sources. We cannot do without either.

"Only the greater use of coal and nuclear energy can help us stop burning up our oil. With vital industries such as petrochemicals and plastics dependent on oil, our grandchildren and great grandchildren will surely be in trouble if we've burned up all the oil their generations will need.

"Compared to fossil fuels, nuclear power is cleaner—it does not pollute the air—and cheaper. It costs more to build a nuclear plant, but since the fuel costs less, nuclear power is still a net gain over fossil fuel plants.

"What about other energy alternatives? I am for exploring them all, but as a physicist and researcher I believe it will be the year 2000 before we have full-scale commercial solar power plants on line. That is not to discount the home-heating solar plants already on the market.

"So until we see what the year 2000 brings, nuclear power is buying us time: time to continue the basic research that must be done in all fields of energy.

"I don't think we can close the door on any one source of energy. We can't afford to turn off any option!"

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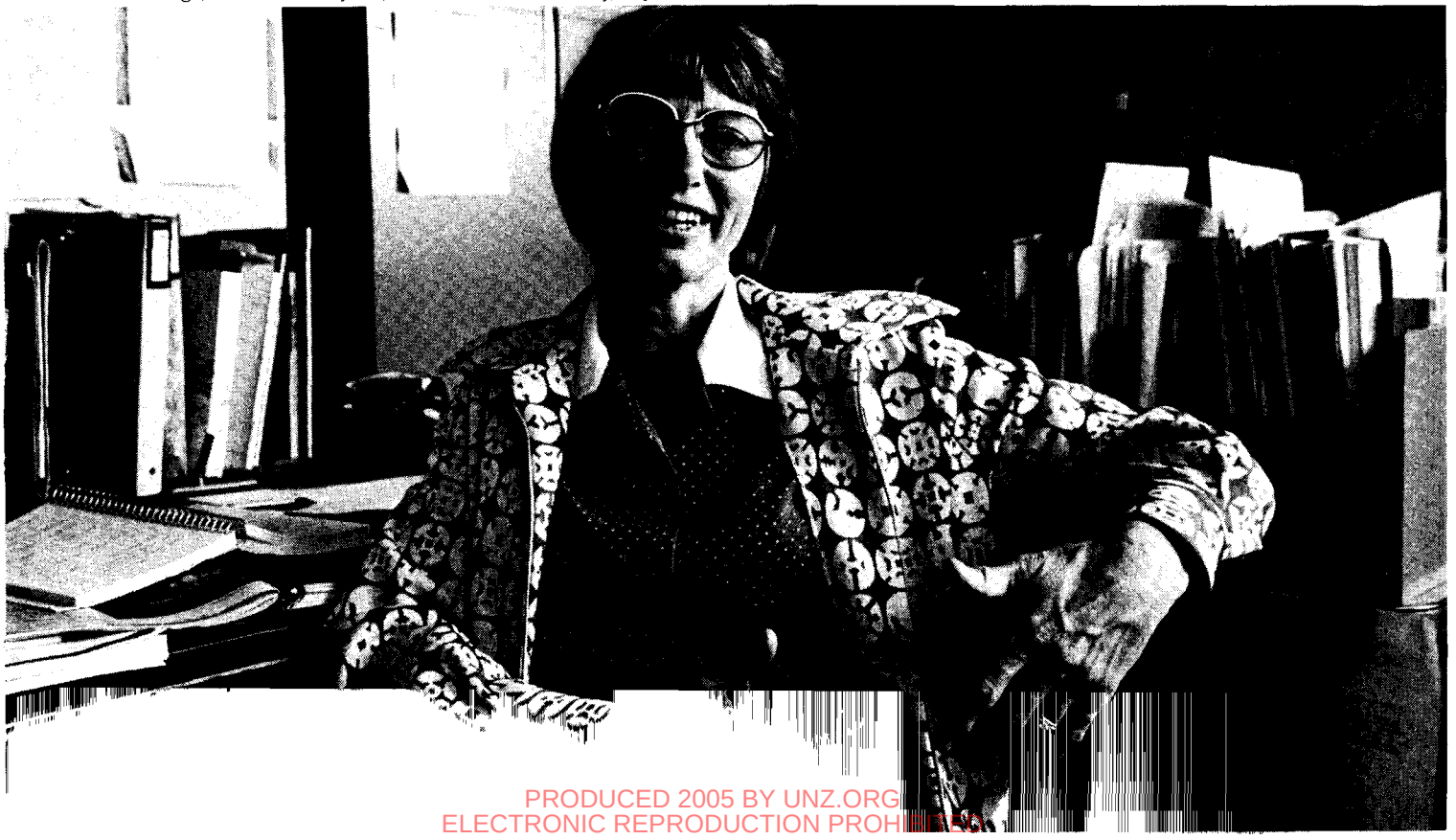
Dr. Ann C. Birge, Professor of Physics, California State University, Hayward.



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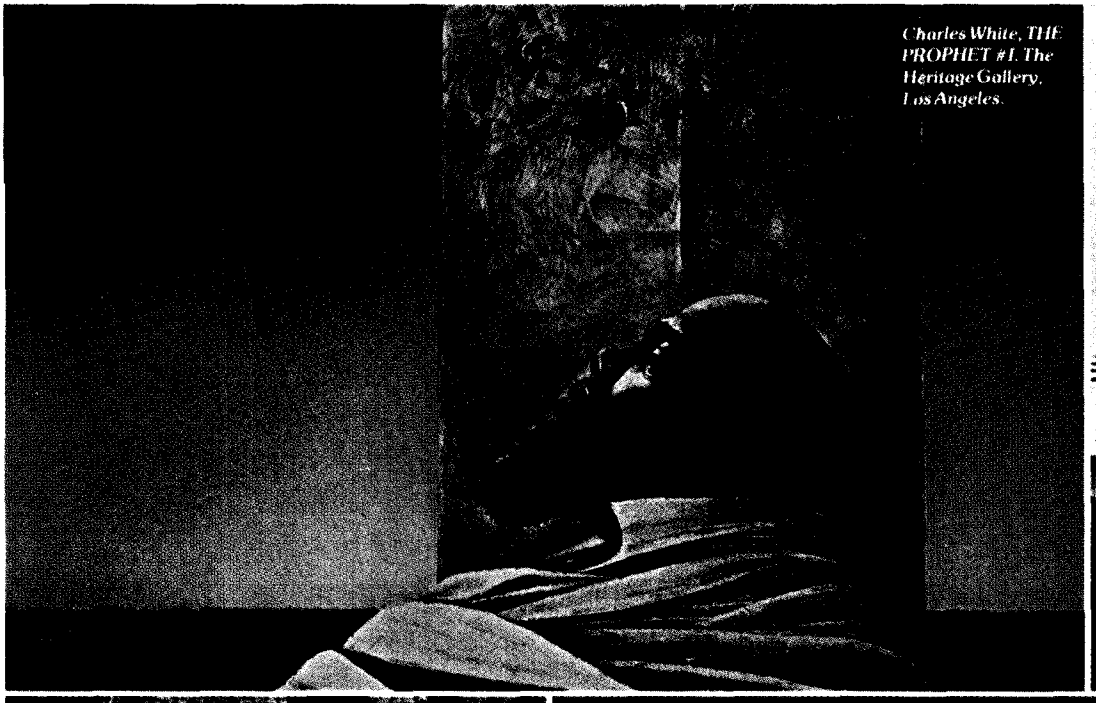

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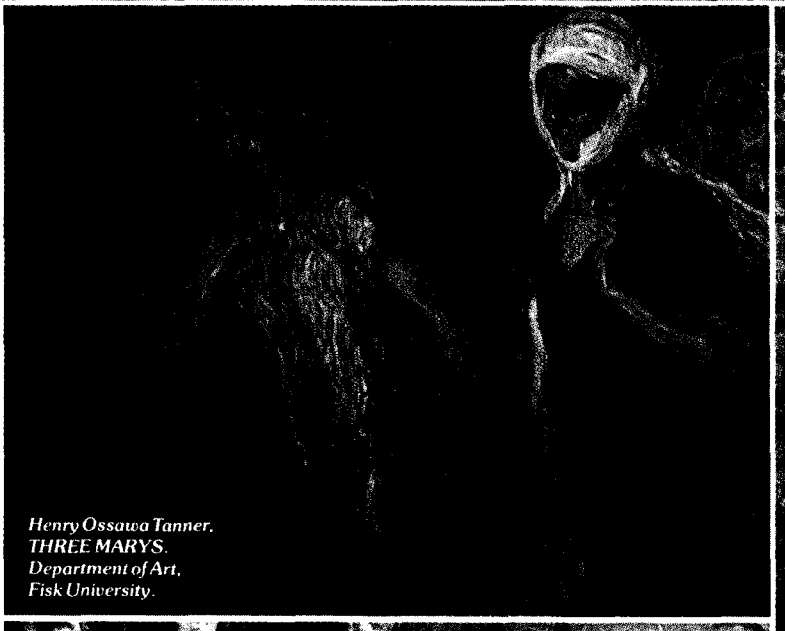

Henry Ossawa Tanner, THREE MARYS. Department of Art, Fisk University.

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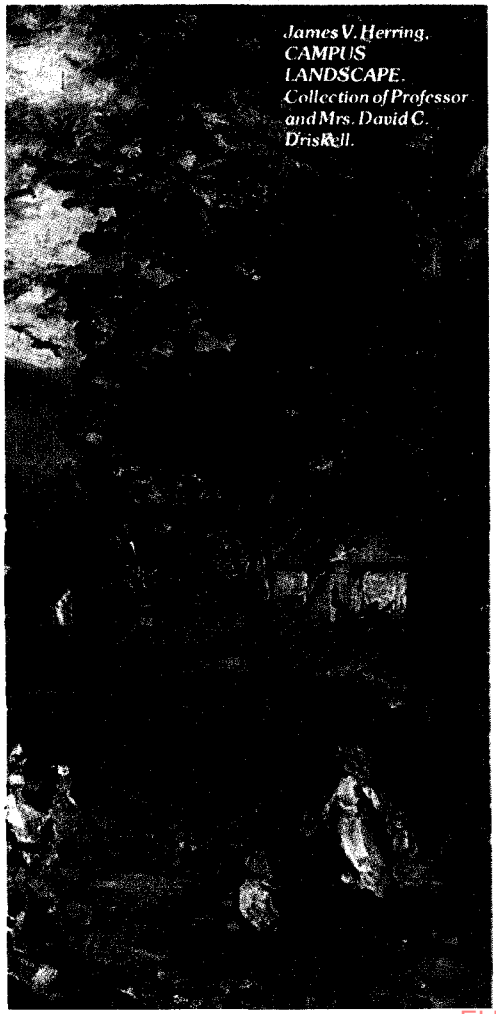

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"Made in Japan"

by Donald Kirk

Tokyo

THE bell tolls somberly each August 6 in the park in Hiroshima at the epicenter of the explosion of the first atomic bomb ever dropped in warfare, and a flock of doves soars into flight as a symbol of the eternal quest for peace. It is an annual ritual, an elaborate observance of the day in 1945 on which some 100,000 persons were killed and another 100,000 mortally wounded in the blast. The observance helps to nurture that peculiar Japanese disease known as *kaku arerugi*—"nuclear allergy"—a mixture of fear, dread, and loathing evoked by the very word "nuclear."

Thus there is a certain irony in Japan's rapid rise as one of the world's greatest producers of nuclear *energy*—with the capacity not only to build its own nuclear-power plants but also very possibly to indulge in technological innovation beyond that of the American experts whose invention it has assiduously imitated. Over the past 11 years a dozen such plants have gone into operation, with another 10 under construction—enough to fulfill 10 percent of the nation's energy needs. By 1985, once Japan's great private utility companies have finished another five or six plants still in the controversial planning stage, the nation will rank second only to the United States in output of nuclear energy. Already it is fourth—behind the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union, but ahead of West Germany, France, Sweden, and Canada.

It is perhaps a commentary on the inbred cohesiveness of the Japanese political-industrial establishment that Japan has risen to the forefront in nuclear-energy production despite an undying current of protest that compels politicians and planners to compromise at every turn. Both the Japanese Socialist and Japanese Communist parties sponsor anti-nuclear conferences each year at the time of the anniversaries of the explosions at Hiroshima and, three days later, at Nagasaki, and their magazines often publish articles warning of the dangers of the program administered by the strictly non-military Science Technology Agency. One major cause for criticism is that the agency is responsible for both the atomic-energy and nuclear-safety bureaus, thus raising the question of whether the latter might inevitably yield to the former on sensitive matters.

Despite all protest against nuclear-energy production, however, the dangerously divided but essentially conservative Liberal Democratic party still dominates parliament and government—and tends to reduce opposition to the level of a vociferous but ineffective token force. Indeed, for all the appearance of mass concern, Japan has yet to spawn an anti-nuclear movement as energetic as those in the United States. Opponents in Japan do form anti-nuclear groups on the local level when they learn of plans to build a nuclear-power plant in their area. Typically, a utility company searches for a site in total secrecy and announces its selection only after having purchased as much of the land as possible. Then, confronted with prolonged court suits, the utility fragments the opposition by offering large out-of-court settlements—all that some of the opponents had wanted in the first place.

If influential Japanese sometimes seem inordinately eager to stifle serious protest, it is partly because of Japan's current reliance upon imports to meet 86 percent of its energy needs. The rapid rise in oil prices after the 1973 Mideast War added a sense of crisis to the nation's endemic concern about how to fuel its massive industrial economy. Perhaps over-optimistically, some Japanese utility-company executives forecast a reversal in the ratio of nuclear- to oil-generated electricity toward the end of the century, along with a substantial reduction in crude-oil purchases, now approaching $20 billion each year, one third of Japan's annual imports. Not surprisingly, the Japanese are also considering exporting some of their own nuclear technology, after having paid $80 million in royalties for foreign expertise since 1956. Citing "the recent aggressive behavior" of West Germany, France, and Canada in peddling nuclear-power plants to developing nations, one banker called for "an export system" advertising plants "with safer and more reliable characteristics based on Japan's own design and technology."

IF THERE is any parallel to Japan's nuclear program elsewhere in Asia, it is in Taiwan, where the Nationalist Chinese regime plans to construct six power plants capable of fulfilling half the island-state's energy needs. Unlike Japan, however, Taiwan is buying reactors for the plants from the United States rather than building them according to American design. Taiwan officials have gone to great lengths of late to deny rumors that their scientists are hatching nuclear warheads in a small research laboratory in order to match Communist China's own capacity for producing atomic bombs. "Once you say you're studying reprocessing, people say, 'Oh, you're making a bomb,' " says Victor Chen-hwa Cheng, secretary-general of Taiwan's Atomic Energy Council. "But we depend on the United States for enriched uranium to fuel the reactors, and we cannot afford the diffusion facilities needed to build nuclear weapons."

Such considerations would hardly deter the Japanese, who doubtless have not only the knowledge but also the money to make whatever kinds of warheads they want. So far, however, the thought of building nuclear weapons is taboo here—a legacy of the anti-militarism born in the last frightful week of World War II. There is always the feeling that Japanese science and industry could concoct "the bomb" with unseemly haste if called upon to do so in dire national emergency, but Japanese officials firmly deny any such capability, much less intention. Japan's "nuclear allergy" is likely to persist far longer than that of other self-sustaining nuclear powers. ◉

Donald Kirk is a free-lance writer specializing in Asian affairs.

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(Advertisement)

A Simple Solution To The Energy Problem

We are continually being urged by the Government and others to conserve energy which comes directly or indirectly from fossil fuels because our oil reserves are running low and our oil imports are growing larger and larger. However, we almost never hear anyone mention all of the good, clean energy which is going to waste every day in the form of unharnessed windpower which is being dissipated across the face of our country.

A paper entitled, "THE HIGH POTENTIAL OF WIND AS AN ENERGY SOURCE," was recently published by two engineers with the Lockheed-California Co. at Burbank, California. It was based on a study they recently made under the sponsorship and the financing by THE ENERGY RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION, more commonly known as ERDA. An abstract at the beginning of this paper reads as follows:

"Wind Energy is an abundant resource in the United States. It can be captured economically by large wind turbine generators and used to supplement electric energy provided from fossil fuels and hydro-electric sources. Today's technology is more than adequate for wind energy to make an immediate contribution to alleviating the energy crunch. A recently completed study sponsored by THE ENERGY RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION shows that the full potential of the wind is far greater than previously estimated. Full implementation would produce clean energy without pollution, and would make a significant contribution to the conservation of our fossil fuel reserves."

You may wonder why we have not taken advantage of this abundant energy source if it is both technically and economically feasible. The reason is very simple:

In 1926 Congress wrote a provision into the income tax law which enabled those people with incomes from the extraction of minerals and fossil fuels, such as oil and coal, to escape the income tax entirely on up to 50% of their net income from such extraction. The tax deduction which made this possible has come to be known as the percentage depletion allowance. It is not actually a percentage depletion allowance because it is not based on a percentage of the deposit depleted.

It is actually a percentage production allowance because it is based on a percentage of the production with no regard whatever for the percentage of the deposit depleted. According to information supplied by the Library of Congress, this allowance runs between 10 and 16 times as much as the actual depletion. No tax advantage, even remotely comparable, was given to the people trying to develop the clean, inexhaustible sources of energy such as wind power and solar power.

Congress has failed for 50 years to remove this inequity from the tax laws which has worked to the extreme disadvantage of those trying to raise capital to develop the clean, inexhaustible sources of energy. If Congress continues to fail to remove this inequity, it is not likely that these clean, inexhaustible sources of energy will be developed to any significant degree very soon. The development capital will obviously continue to flow to where the tax advantages are.

Does it make any sense to continue to give these enormous tax advantages to encourage the further exploiting of our valuable non-renewable natural resources which are fast running out, to produce energy, and still allow no tax advantages, even remotely comparable, to encourage the development of our clean, inexhaustible sources of energy? If we are really trying to conserve our natural resources and find a permanent solution to our energy problem, it doesn't seem to make much sense.

Since we have continued such taxing policies for 50 years and still continue such policies, could we logically expect to be anywhere except right in the energy mess in which we now find ourselves?

A book entitled, "A SIMPLE SOLUTION TO THE ENERGY PROBLEM," tells much more about the enormous potential of energy from the clean, inexhaustible energy sources. It also tells how you, as an individual, can be very effective in helping to get the tax laws changed to encourage the development of these inexhaustible sources. You can order it for only $4.00 postpaid, with the option to return it within 30 days and to get a full refund of your $4.00. Order from Wyoming Specialties, Box 721, Gillette, Wyo. 82716.

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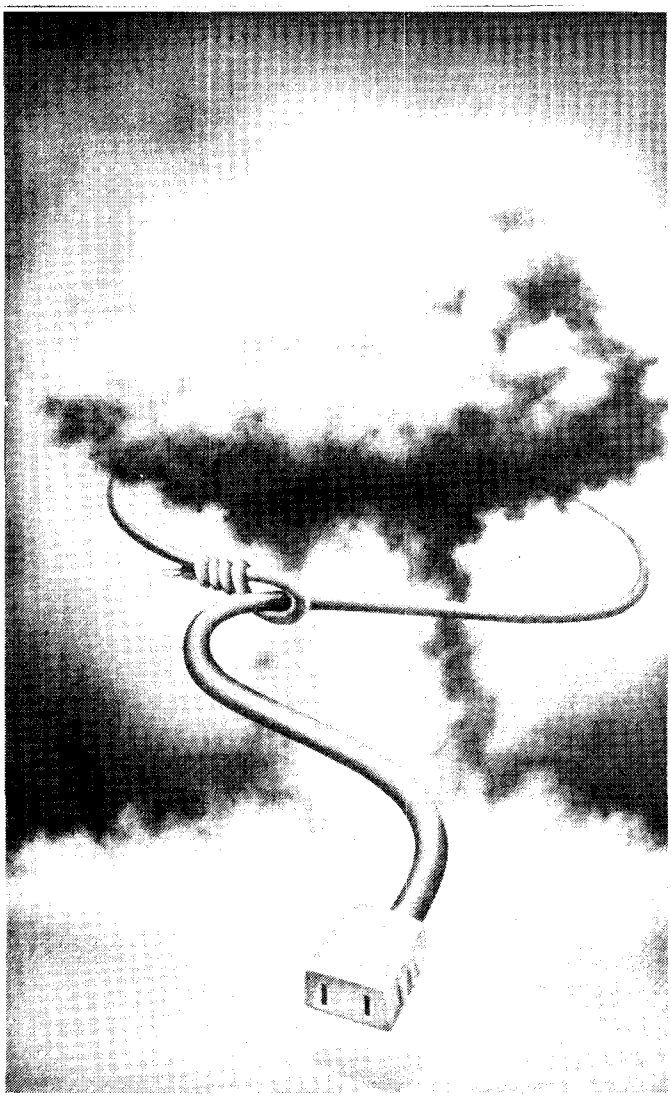
The Promise and the Curse

Both economic and military logic point to a worldwide U.S. nuclear-energy role

by Thomas C. Schelling



Stanislaw Fernandes

FISSILE material is good for two things. One is boiling water. The other is making bombs.

With the plutonium that a person can carry with one hand, a bomb could be made with the power of the one that destroyed Nagasaki. And a ton of uranium-235 can make enough steam to generate a year's electricity for a city of half a million. The world's next fuel for electricity is the fuel for its most terrifying weapons.

Like the Nobel Prize for Peace, financed by the invested proceeds from the sale of dynamite, "Atoms for Peace" was America's attempt to dilute the curse of nuclear explosives with the promise of nuclear power. The technology developed at government expense to propel submarines was further developed by industry to turn electric generators. The formation of OPEC and the fivefold increase in the price of oil might have assured the "takeoff" of nuclear power in America and of reactor exports to the world; but for American business this has recently become a growth industry without euphoria.

Three things have happened. One is that a somewhat oversold nuclear technology has not yet shaken down to be as cheap and reliable as enthusiasts hoped it would. Regulatory and licensing uncertainties are part of this disappointment, but only part of it. The second is that rival industries have grown up in western Europe and Japan, with government support—frequently with licensed U.S. technology—and the overseas business is becoming exceedingly competitive. But third and most important, the nuclear curse has come back to haunt the industry. Not only has nuclear power become an environmental issue, but its explosive by-product has become a major concern of the federal government. In the recent presidential campaign, both candidates made statements about the weapons implications of nuclear exports. The curse of the weapons simply will not detach itself from this major source of electric energy. The new administration's nuclear policy will be shaped by its appreciation of nuclear insecurity.

Has the time come for second thoughts about participating in world nuclear developments? Should America opt out of the "peaceful" spread of nuclear power on grounds of danger to our national security? Should we keep our technology and nuclear materials out of the hands of nations that, though friendly and apparently stable now, would have to be trusted with the stuff forever? Is the loss of nuclear exports—even a nuclear-power shutdown at home—a reasonable price to pay for stopping the danger of the spread of nuclear weapons?

Thirty countries have nuclear-power reactors operating or under construction, and the number may reach 50 in the next 10 years. The sharp rise in oil prices in 1973 not only made nuclear fuel competitive for generating electricity but also dramatized the fact that petroleum will not sustain the world's development beyond this century.

Thus the harnessing of nuclear energy will be motivated primarily by the economics of nuclear electricity, the strategic importance of reduced dependence on non-nuclear fuels, and a desire to stay abreast of technology. It need not reflect an interest in weapons.

But whether or not there is interest, a *capability* comes with the development of nuclear power. To fabricate weapons, two ingredients are needed: one is fissile material, uranium or plutonium of sufficient enrichment or purity; the other is people with the requisite engineering skill. With the worldwide growth of nuclear power, most countries of any size will have reactors that produce plutonium as a by-product. In one year, a good-size reactor produces a quantity of plutonium equivalent to a few dozen bombs.

The extraction of plutonium from spent reactor fuel will be within the industrial capacity of most nations. The de-

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Thomas C. Schelling, of the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, directed a Committee for Economic Development policy study whose statement, Nuclear Energy and National Security, *was issued last fall.*

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sign and fabrication of a bomb is authoritatively asserted to be a task that any nation with a moderate industrial capacity will be able to do. The best universities on this side of the Iron Curtain, possibly on both sides, will train nuclear scientists and engineers from any country that will pay their tuition. Countries that do not participate in the Treaty on Non-Proliferation may pursue a genuine or a feigned interest in "peaceful nuclear explosives," and there is no guarantee that in doing so they will observe the secrecy that has appealed to the nuclear-weapons states.

THERE is disagreement about how easy it is to make a bomb if the plutonium or the enriched uranium is available only to scientists and engineers who have no direct experience in weapons. Yet nearly every government, and its armed forces in particular, will be going through a decade of planning and anticipating the development of nuclear technology. Governments will recognize that they will soon possess fissionable materials and experience in handling them. They will expect that in other countries the study of nuclear explosives will not be suppressed. During the decade in which they plan and construct their nuclear-power industries they will have time to train, at home or abroad, scientists and engineers who could, at least as a precautionary measure, prepare plans for the assembly of weapons in some future emergency.

Even a government that has no immediate interest in weapons may launch an inquiry into the question: How long would it take to get weapons if we wanted some in a hurry? Merely investigating the question shortens the lead time. If it took a year to answer, the lead time would be a year shorter than it had been when the question was asked.

In an important military sense, then, dozens or scores of countries are going to have access—with varying lengths of delay—to nuclear weapons of their own. Especially if nations develop reprocessing plants to separate plutonium from spent fuel, they will have the material and personnel for a nuclear-mobilization base. Upon any decision to proceed with the fabrication of weapons, a growing inventory could be available on a predictable schedule.

For many countries, Switzerland being an example, this is the way we describe armies. Except in a military emergency or during the seasons of intensive training, Switzerland doesn't actually possess an army. What it has is a capacity to mobilize. In another decade or two, scores of countries may "have" nuclear weapons the way Switzerland "has" an army.

And there is no way that the United States can stop this. There are things the United States can do to weaken the connection between nuclear power and nuclear bombs, to prevent a weapons stampede, and to establish a climate in which governments prefer not to shorten the lead time for acquiring their own bombs. Being a reliable supplier of uranium fuel is one of them. But the United States no longer has anything approaching a monopoly on nuclear technology or materials. The emphasis has to shift from physical denial and technological secrecy to the area of diplomatic suasion and financial incentives and deterrents.

The fact that a government *could* get its hands on nuclear weapons does not necessarily mean that it *would*. For years there have been governments, close to a score of them, that have had jurisdiction over the physical facilities and the personnel with which to construct nuclear weapons of their own. Either they found it good policy to resist the temptation to mobilize those nuclear resources or they were not tempted.

A few bombs, or a few dozen, would not make a great nuclear power out of India or Pakistan, Argentina or Brazil, Iran or Taiwan, Spain or South Africa. Any weapons they acquire will be cruder and bulkier and less versatile than the weapons that the genuine nuclear-weapons nations have spent billions of dollars developing and testing. Compared with the devastation that the United States and Russia could rain on each other, or on them, most of the potential nuclear-weapons nations, especially the less advanced ones, will have no such capability.

But who needs anything elaborate? Blowing up London or Philadelphia requires nothing more than a fishing boat. And for shorter distances on faster time schedules, there is no noticeable reluctance to sell superbly engineered aircraft to any country that dreams of targets to be reached at supersonic speed.

A CRUCIAL issue is whether the spent fuel that comes out of a reactor is going to be "mined" for its plutonium. Today's reactors use uranium for fuel. Natural uranium contains less than one percent U-235, the isotope that sustains the fission chain reaction; for most reactors the concentration is increased to about 3 percent by an expensive, large-scale, technologically demanding process. The 3 percent concentration will "burn" in a reactor but is useless for explosives. But some of the U-238, the abundant isotope, is converted into plutonium in the reactor. When the spent fuel is removed, this plutonium can be recycled as new fuel. For that purpose, it has to be separated out of the spent fuel by a process that has not yet been done on a commercial scale and that may or may not prove economical. If it should become economical or if governments decide to encourage recycling to minimize dependence on foreign fuel supplies or to get ready for future reactors that may be based on plutonium, large quantities of plutonium in various forms will be stored and shipped and fabricated at a multitude of locations around the world.

And the plutonium, unlike the uranium, is explosive. No terrorist could make use of a hijacked shipment of uranium fuel; but plutonium, if it is regularly being recycled into reactors, could be susceptible to theft, hijacking, or capture by commandos. There is also the possibility that a government, willing to flout the generally accepted rules and not afraid of a nuclear boycott, might actually sell plutonium with no questions asked.

So, too, there is the possibility that persons or organizations other than governments might acquire the wherewithal to produce bombs. But compared with smuggling guns into an airport, making a nuclear bomb would be on a more demanding order of magnitude. Highly educated individuals possessing the right skills would have to work with a large number of reliable technicians as a disciplined team, with access to computers and libraries and metallurgical facilities, and do it clandestinely. It could be done, and possibly a modern equivalent of the terrorist organizations in Palestine after World War II, with claims on money and Nobel prizes, could make itself into a small non-national nuclear power.

A more serious problem will be armed forces. Two of the most common activities of military forces are fighting among

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themselves and deposing civilian governments. Even in NATO, four governments have been subjected to military revolts; three of which succeeded. During civil war or military revolt, when troops are deployed to the presidential palace and the local airport, any fissile material in a transportable form would be a likely target for loyalists and dissidents alike. (This may be the strongest argument that a government could have for not allowing plutonium or highly enriched uranium to exist in readily usable form.) When Moslems are fighting Christians, officers fighting enlisted men, the navy fighting the army, or the palace guard evacuating with weapons and Swiss bank accounts, even those who would find plutonium an embarrassment may have to race for it and fight for it simply to keep it from falling into the wrong hands.

How different things would have been in Lebanon if there had been an indigenous capacity to reprocess reactor fuel for plutonium. One can be certain that in years to come there will be military violence in countries that have sizable nuclear-power industries.

What is the significance of all this for the United States? The significance has to be enormous for foreign policy

Giscard's Quandary

by Rudolph Chelminski

Paris

"So you see," concludes the reassuring actor with the crinkly, avuncular smile, "in France we have no oil—but we have ideas."

For more than a year now this slick, professionally executed ad campaign has been appearing on national TV throughout France, always presenting skits varying the same basic theme: Monsieur Boulat had his chimney swept and his oil burner adjusted, for a saving of nearly 600 francs a year; Mademoiselle de Bovet feels much better since she turned her thermostat down to 68 and stopped overheating herself; Madame Veret gets 20 percent better gas mileage since she had her carburetor tuned and learned to drive "supplely," without gunning her engine; Monsieur Martis made big savings by insulating his attic and putting up storm windows.

En France on n'a pas de pétrole—mais on a des idées. Indeed. The multiple permutations of that little phrase, conceived by some anonymous adman but now taken up as something very like a national standard, spin off into arabesques that touch on virtually every facet of French reality. The *idées* underlying the crinkly-faced ad campaign are often self-serving and meretricious, usually tainted by politics, sometimes admirable and statesmanlike, but always *fixes*: France is in bad energy trouble and has to find a way out. Otherwise, there is no freedom of action, no national independence, no *gloire*.

The answer is nuclear.

It is, *hélas!*, all too easy for an Anglo-Saxon to impute mere selfishness, peacock-struttery, and advantage-snatching to the French in matters of nuclear energy as in anything else. Certainly they are a complex, difficult, and unsentimental people, and these innate qualities were only exacerbated by a decade of Charles de Gaulle. They are also very smart and capable. But beyond this—and not many Americans seem to realize it—they are extremely nervous right now. Only those who have lived here for a while can appreciate the shock waves that rolled over France in the wake of the Yom Kippur War and the consequent OPEC decision to dramatically jack up oil prices. After so many years of war, humiliation, privation, and bootstrapping, France by then had come around to being in pretty good shape, with a booming economy, a joyously rampant consumerism, and a bit of pride to boot, thanks to *le grand Charles*. When the price of oil skyrocketed, the giant cosmic needle came within a millimeter of the bubble; France suddenly appeared naked and vulnerable. How could such a highly developed industrial nation survive without any oil of its own, with only limited amounts of coal (and low-grade at that), with her hydroelectric capabilities long since sopped up? The specters of unemployment and inflation instantly loomed; indeed, they have already made their marks, if less fiercely than in England and Italy.

The Pompidou government's first *idée*, as quick and natural as self-preservation, was actively to discourage oil consumption. Hence the ad campaign, hence the quotas now being applied to domestic heating fuel (based on averages of past winters), hence the unspeakable step of a speed limit (*Limitation de vitesse! Mon Dieu!*) of 80 mph on superhighways and 55 mph on normal roads, hence the present price of gas, $1.75 a gallon.

But it was clear that this discouragement could be only a delaying action and a stopgap. What was really needed was a way to wriggle free of the OPEC headlock entirely. The *idée* for this magical stunt was announced to the nation by then prime minister Pierre Messmer in 1974: France had decided to embark on an amazingly temerarious plan to convert to 100 percent nuclear-generated electricity, freeing herself of dependence on fossil fuels by the end of the century. Classical thermonuclear plants would play their part, of course, but the great hope for the future lay with the most seductive *idée* of them all, the breeder reactor known as Phénix, and the various Super-Phénixes destined to follow it. Phénix has been touted by its backers here as a kind of savior, a technological Jeanne d'Arc sprung full-blown from the fertile field of French intelligence. While the Americans and British dragged their heels over the complexities and imponderable dangers of the breeders, the French plunged daringly on, picking up a know-how lead of eight years over their Anglo-Saxon rivals.

The Phénix and Super-Phénix programs continue today, despite tardy but growing opposition from environmentalists. But beyond their allegedly hideous dangers, they have one further unexpungeable drawback: they are expensive as hell. How to pay for them, and all the other birds of similar feather? Here sprang up a venerable *idée* of commerce: pay for them by exporting. On the surface the idea was flawless, yet French exports had not performed as well as the planners had suggested they should. You can go only so far

Rudolph Chelminski is a free-lance writer based in Paris.

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and defense policy. Not everything that can happen does happen, and the worst of the dangers may be averted; but it is inevitable that nuclear dangers around the world will increase in number and variety and complexity and will not go away.

But what is the connection with America's policy toward nuclear power? We have been through a year of heightened controversy about the safety of nuclear power, its impact on the environment, and the likelihood that if we recycle plutonium some of it may get into the hands of terrorists who could make us long for the good old days when only 150 people at a time were held hostage in an airplane. We've had referenda in half a dozen states that pitted enthusiasts for nuclear power against people to whom it is an abomination.

The striking thing about the connection between America's domestic nuclear policy and the frightful dangers of world nuclear development is how weak the connection is. Slowing down or speeding up nuclear development in this country will not be the key to what happens abroad. Even a moratorium on reactors here would not much affect the programs of other countries. They can do their own arith-

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on Cognac, perfume, and haute couture, and the money-bearing tourists had become scarcer as prices rose and the xenophobia of Gaullian inspiration began marking the country. The Gaullist planners had bet heavily on French breakthroughs in prestigious *industries de pointe*, but they pretty well broke their lances against the competition with the general's three brightest hopes: the excellent homegrown SECAM color-TV process, computers, and advanced civil aviation, forever typified by Concorde, the most streamlined white elephant in history. Only in the field of arms—a dubious triumph at best, the death trade—have French exports broken significant new ground.

Logic finally came full circle to an utterly watertight Cartesian syllogism when French government and industry discovered economic perpetual motion: let the nukes pay for the nukes. Let France export nuclear technology: in the future, exported Phénixes could pay for more Phénixes.

The result of the panic about oil and the crystalline perfection of the above reasoning led France into ways that only a few years earlier she would have considered doubtful, if not dishonorable: a rather embarrassingly transparent pro-Arab diplomatic stance (We'll vote for you if you give us preferential treatment on oil) and a hell-for-leather gallop into the big bad world in search of export contracts. Every other day, it seemed, radio and TV news spoke of another "contract of the century" in which French interests were pitted against foreign (remember the Mirage against the F-16?), usually German or American, and usually with disappointing results.

Inevitably, aggressive marketing tactics had to come to peddling nukes, especially since this was a field in which the American competition had been providentially shackled by government regulation and interference, but it was not until this year that they came to any serious fruition. The De Gaulle government apparently had not put much stock in, or perhaps had not foreseen, the potential market for nuclear plants. (A nice irony, that. One can well imagine with what pleasure the general would have seized upon the nukes as an absolutely first-rate means of giving his allies the jitters.) With the short-lived Pompidou government, though, and in the early part of the Giscard mandate under the ambitious Gaullist hand of Prime Minister Jacques Chirac—who testily posited the absolute primacy of French interests and the ineluctable nature of proliferation anyway—the salesmen went out with a vengeance. France lost the big sale of a controversial full-cycle production unit to Brazil. (Germany won, meretriciously assuring the worried U.S. State Department, "Better us than those irresponsible Frenchies." *Jawohl.*) But France then rapidly moved in to fill the vacuum when the U.S. backed out of a sale to South Africa, signed an agreement with South Korea that U.S. pressure scotched, then others with Iran and Iraq (classical plants) and Pakistan (reprocessing). There is now talk of a plant for Morocco. All this in 1976—what a year!

When Secretary of State Kissinger expressed public anger over the Pakistan sale—a reprocessing plant can be used to make a bomb—Chirac erupted with a lot of sententious Gaullian clamoring about impingement upon national sovereignty, but diplomatic insiders privately told Kissinger to hold his horses and wait awhile. Within a few weeks Chirac had been bounced as prime minister (he and Giscard had not been getting along in general) and Giscard had created the Conseil de Politique Extérieure Nucléaire, a limited committee under his own thumb whose express mission was to consider every possible nuclear sale, case by case. Giscard, it became apparent, was now just as concerned as the Americans about proliferation, national sovereignty notwithstanding. Divested of supersalesman Chirac and with his own toy council to sanction his decisions, he was free to back away from the Pakistan sale with something like dignity.

As of this writing, the French have made public no final disposition of Pakistan's bomb kit. Press insiders affirm that Pakistan has been politely requested to back off, with the understanding that France will accept this abrogation of the contract with alacrity. All would be well, then, were it not for one more lip-biter: Pakistan doesn't *want* to back off.

As Giscard reflects, the price of oil is going up again, and France's balance of payments is looking grim. The country has to sell something, somewhere, if it is to climb out of the slough.

Times are difficult. The latest news is that French police have strictest orders to bear down with utter ruthlessness on speeders, since speeding eats up gas. Individual in-house fuel meters are planned, to keep the oil burners honest. Gas rationing is now being openly talked of on national radio and TV. Through it all, Giscard is torn between those juicy nuke-bucks on the horizon and the "dishonor" of being the man whom history will judge responsible for creating the world's seventh nuclear power. He is hesitating, and well he might. Right now, he has neither oil nor *idées*. ◉

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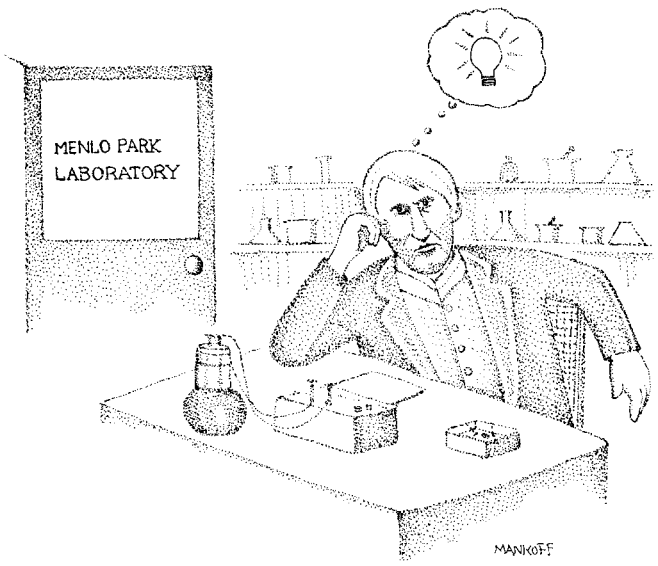
metic and do not depend on the American example. Nor do they depend on the United States for the technology and the reactor components. Their dependence on us for fuel is temporary.

Furthermore, the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons, which is the centerpiece of American diplomacy in this area, commits us to "the fullest possible exchange of equipment, materials, and scientific and technological information for the peaceful uses of nuclear energy." Much of the diplomatic basis for safeguarding nuclear materials and facilities will rest on the confidence that governments have in that treaty and on the good faith they expect from each other in conforming to its spirit and letter; and this would be a late date for the United States to change its mind about its obligations under a treaty for which it was largely responsible and that has now been ratified by a hundred governments.

Most of the dangers from the increase of nuclear power and the production of plutonium will have to be lived with regardless of whether plutonium is produced by power reactors within the boundaries of the continental United States. Nuclear-energy and weapons capabilities around the world will not be stopped by any American resolve to forgo nuclear energy. Even the threat of plutonium bombs in the hands of terrorists would not be much affected by the absence of a plutonium-fuel industry in this country.

Compared with the more familiar forms of terrorism, obtaining a nuclear bomb would be exceedingly complex and demanding. But smuggling stolen nuclear material into the U.S. would be a minor problem for any organization able to steal the material, produce an explosive, and make political or criminal use of it. The problem is real. Forgoing nuclear energy at home, while its development burgeons abroad, is no solution.

This is not to say that domestic policy is irrelevant. On recycling plutonium, for example, the U.S. decision will have some impact. True, if we choose not to recycle, that fact will not keep other supplying countries from constructing plutonium reprocessing facilities in Asia or Latin America; but if we do choose to recycle, this policy will encourage similar decisions abroad and virtually preclude any American effort to persuade other countries to forgo this dangerous technology. Influence we have; decisive influence we do not.



Nearly all of the news about the worldwide development of nuclear power is bad news. Neither presidential candidate could come close to outlining a policy that would eliminate the dangers or take care of them. The problems are not going to go away. They are not going to be solved. They are going to have to be lived with, for better or for worse.

It is no small grounds for encouragement, though, that many countries that might have had their own nuclear-weapons programs before now have chosen not to. It is worth noting that although most people seem to be worried about the nuclear capabilities of the "unstable," less developed countries, the possibly more serious prospect of a West Germany or a Japan or a multitude of other advanced countries racing to emulate the French and the Chinese has so far been averted and does not seem at all imminent. Not everything has gone badly where nuclear potential is concerned.

Indeed, considering the number of bombs produced in the United States and distributed over much of the world, and the weapons produced by the Russians and British and French and Chinese, it is remarkable that in 25 years not a single one has gone off accidentally. Not a one has been detonated by a demented officer or captured by foreign spies to defend Yemen against Egyptians or to protect Cypriot Greeks from Turkish mainland forces. Not a single one has been sold by its guards or transport crews to foreign governments or to the Mafia.

Most important of all, since 1945, there have been no nuclear weapons fired in warfare.

As I see it, the main conclusion to emerge from all this is that the role of nuclear energy in America should be decided substantially on its economic merits, with due regard to health and environment, and not as a matter of weapons proliferation. This is not because the weapons dangers are manageable; in fact, they may prove unmanageable, but they will not be managed through our domestic nuclear policy. The dangers are real; they are so real that the symbolic act of suppressing nuclear power in America will not make them go away.

On the contrary, the bargaining strength of the American government in coping with nuclear proliferation abroad depends on our position as a major supplier—not the only supplier but a major supplier—of the technology and the equipment and the fuel that so many countries look to for their own economic development. By suppressing exports we can extinguish our influence in world nuclear development, but we cannot extinguish that development.

Suppose we could terminate once and for all the danger of the proliferation of nuclear explosives by ending at the same time all the economic benefits of nuclear energy. In a world of growing populations, in desperate need of growing living standards, and with finite supplies of fossil fuels, would you take the bombs and the electricity, or would you suppress them both?

The practical fact is that no matter how I or anyone else feels about it, nuclear power is going to be a highly regulated industry, and nuclear exports will be treated as national-security policy first, commercial policy second. Those who would willingly give up the blessings of nuclear power to rid the world of the curse of nuclear weapons have my sympathy, and if they had a way to do it, probably my support. But you cannot make the curse go away by giving up the promise. ◉

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Battle of the Books

by Wadsworth Likely

THERE *are* no good books about nuclear power.

For one thing, too many of them scream at you. The nuclear-power controversy has become so emotional that there is hardly anybody left with a dispassionate point of view. Even the best of the books seem to start from a fiercely held opinion about nuclear power and tend to be apologetic.

Looking for a possible exception, I asked several knowledgeable people: "If you were to suggest just one book about nuclear power to an intelligent, reasonable person who didn't know much about the subject, what would it be?"

The consensus was *The Nuclear Power Controversy* (Prentice-Hall, $3.95, paperback). This handbook is the product of a meeting of eight experts on different aspects of nuclear power (safety, economics, technology, regulation, exports, proliferation) conducted by the American Assembly at Arden House. It offers not only the basic facts in these six categories but also informed opinions. For instance, two fellows of The American Physical Society take safety aspects seriously, describe them lucidly, and conclude that they are manageable. All the participants in the conference agree generally that safety and technological problems of nuclear power are either solvable or have been solved. However Dr. George Kistiakowsky, Lawrence Professor of Chemistry Emeritus at Harvard and science adviser to President Eisenhower, citing political and economic concerns, finds "that the technology is not ready for a massive expansion of nuclear power and that our society is not ready to live with it."

Kistiakowsky does not advocate turning off existing nuclear plants or stopping construction on those already in the works, but other books suggest just that. Amory B. Lovins, in *Soft Energy Paths: Toward a Durable Peace* (the working title), to be published soon by Ballinger and Friends of the Earth, goes even further. He outlines a strategy for doing away not only with nuclear power but also with power from all the fossil fuels (coal, oil, gas) by the year 2025. Lovins's soft-energy technologies consist of variations on and combinations of solar energy, wind-hydraulic systems, and conversion of organic materials. Coupled with these energy sources would be a drastic but, he says, a democratic conservation program that would bring per capita energy consumption down to below half of what it is today.

At least two other new books optimistically explore alternatives to nuclear power: John J. Berger's *Nuclear Power: The Unviable Option* (Ramparts Press, $4.50, paperback), and *The Electric Wishing Well* (Macmillan, $12.95), by Joseph J. DiCerto. Their embrace of energy technologies not yet developed is reminiscent of the happy dreams we had in the late 1940s about nuclear power. Remember the atomic pill that would fuel a car for years, the nuclear electricity so cheap they wouldn't bother to meter it? We don't know yet what the difficulties will be, but you can bet a plugged neutron that even Lovins's soft technologies will have problems all their own.

THESE problems are also scanted in the most prominent recent book about nuclear power, Barry Commoner's *The Poverty of Power* (Alfred A. Knopf, $10). He says that what is preventing our society from investigating alternative energy sources is not any technological or economic barrier to their early development and use but rather the wasteful nature of our profit-hungry economy. Commoner contends that the downfall of capitalism, which will inevitably follow on the increasing use of inefficient energy sources, will result in a socialist economy, and that will facilitate the development of alternative sources of power.

In his argument Commoner, a biologist, has ranged far into alien areas and relied in some cases on old and inaccurate data for his calculations. Some of Commoner's inaccuracies are pointed out in *The Fight over Nuclear Power*, by nuclear physicists Fred Schmidt and David Bodansky (Albion, $4.95). Schmidt and Bodansky attack Commoner's claim that some 325 billion barrels of domestic crude oil are extractable from the ground if only the oil companies would go after it. They also disagree with Commoner's contention that exploiting all this domestic oil would cancel our dependence on foreign oil and thus give us a breathing spell in which to develop power sources other than coal and nuclear fuel. According to Schmidt and Bodansky, Commoner's figures are out-of-date, since independent estimates issued in the spring of 1975 by the U.S. Geological Survey and the National Academy of Science put our oil reserves at only 150 billion to 160 billion barrels.

THE anti-nuclear books are filled with optimism about alternative energy sources, hopes about our ability to change our way of life, and arguments backed by fuzzy data. The pro-nuclear books are not much better. Schmidt and Bodansky's book, for instance, baldly states: "Our conclusion is that nuclear fission energy is the most logical choice, for it is impressively safe, is to be preferred over fossil fuels, and indeed, may prove to be man's only alternative, not only for the next few decades but for many years to come." Their preference for nuclear over coal is not backed by any data comparing, say, the number of deaths resulting from mining coal and breathing the products of its combustion with the number of possible deaths from nuclear accidents.

But their book does perform some valuable service in the nuclear controversy. On the issue of waste disposal—one of the more emotional questions—it reasonably does away with the specter of vast amounts of highly radioactive materials being buried deep in the earth and remaining dangerous for hundreds of thousands of years. The authors base part of their analysis on the well-known Rasmussen Report, officially titled *Reactor Safety Study: An Assessment of Accident Risks in U.S. Commercial Nuclear Power Plants*, which is available from the federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission. They also cite a critique of the Rasmussen study done by a committee of The American Physical Society, available at $6 from The American Institute of Physics (TAIP) in New York.

Do you really want facts, backed up by extensive research, on nuclear power? Then don't go to most of the books published for the general public. Go to studies like that of TAIP or to the Rasmussen Report. Or go to a place like the Environmental Information Center (EIC) in New York, look through its *Energy Information Locator* and its *Energy Information Index, 1976*. There you will find listed such books as the 24-volume *Progress in Nuclear Energy*, published over the years by Pergamon Press, as well as many of the books mentioned in this article. It is from the kinds of publications listed by the EIC that these authors have derived much of their information. ◉

Wadsworth Likely is a science reporter and a public-relations consultant.

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The Limits of Sanctity

Mahatma Gandhi and His Apostles
by Ved Mehta
Viking, 260 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

For much of his lifetime and during the nearly 30 years that have passed since his death, Mohandas K. Gandhi was commonly thought to be a saint. And he probably was—if by that we mean a person so obviously virtuous that he manages to accomplish material ends by spiritual strength and moral force. The political achievements of his lifetime stand as a rejoinder to those exponents of realpolitik who are fond of quoting Stalin's contemptuous sally "How many divisions does the Pope have?" Well, Gandhi also had none—yet he might have proved a formidable opponent even to Stalin.

An astonishing portrait of the little man dressed in the diaperlike dhoti who all but brought the British Empire to its knees emerges from Ved Mehta's new book, *Mahatma Gandhi and His Apostles*. It is not that Mehta tells us things about the spiritual leader that were never known before, but rather that he has had the good sense to go around to the surviving members of Gandhi's close circle and ask them what they remember of their master. Their comments bring us closer than ever before to the man and, at the same time, tell us more about the commentators themselves than they might really wish us to know. And so the emphasis of the title is just right. Ved Mehta tells the story not only of the mahatma (a title meaning "great soul") but also of his Indian apostles —and of what has become of them and of Gandhi's movement.

Gandhi's remarkable story has inspired so many social activists in the West that the worldwide tradition of nonviolent political action seems to derive directly from him. Leaders as different as Martin Luther King, Jr., Cesar Chavez, and the Sicilian reformer Danilo Dolci have taken their inspiration from him and have even borrowed his tactics.

In common with them all, Gandhi made a rather modest beginning and had no sense of his mission in life until he was well along in it. That revelation came to him in South Africa. He had gone there in 1893, a green, English-educated barrister who had been utterly unable to make a go of it in India, and was soon awakened to the flagrant inequities of the Boer-sponsored laws and regulations used to oppress the Indian immigrants. Gandhi fought the discriminatory laws as an attorney, building a practice among the Indian merchants that eventually brought in £4,000 to £5,000 a year, and then he decided that the purest means of effecting change would be through the practice of *satyagraha*, his own doctrine of pressure for social and political reform through friendly, passive resistance. Gandhi wrote: "The term denotes the method of securing rights by personal suffering; it is the reverse of resistance by arms. When I refuse to do a thing that is repugnant to my conscience, I use soul-force."

In order to wield this power effectively, he strove to become holy and to give up his attachment to the things of this world. He left his law practice, reduced his material needs to a minimum, and began practicing *brahmacharya,* or celibacy, even though married. The program worked, for by leading Indians in demonstrations and marches in the way now made familiar to us by his disciples, Gandhi brought the South African government to a standstill, focused world opinion on the situation there, and extracted a series of compromises from General Jan Christian Smuts that was widely hailed as a great victory.

Gandhi returned at last to India on the eve of World War I and began a similar program there, pressing the British for more just laws and eventually for Indian independence. For the next decade or more he was in and out of prisons a half-dozen times as he used his campaign of *satyagraha* against the British. And yet he achieved real results: laws were repealed, reforms instituted, compromises struck. Most important, the cause of Indian independence was given such impetus that not many years later what might have seemed impossible when Gandhi began his campaign actually came to pass: the British were forced to leave India.

At the same time, he attempted to institute a new "constructive program," urging better sanitation and deploring the caste system and the state of the untouchables, then one fifth of India's population. Certain aspects of his constructive program were naïvely idealistic and wildly impractical: he urged *brahmacharya* as the answer to India's population explosion, and the economic proposals he put forth would have sent all of India back into the Middle Ages, with no more than cottage industry to support its vast population.

In 1948, at the age of seventy-seven, Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated by a conservative Hindu fanatic who made an obeisance to him before pulling the trigger of his gun. At that time, India was independent but engaged in the civil war that would lead to partition and the creation of Pakistan. Had Gandhi lived, we are assured by Ved Mehta and a number of those he questioned, he would almost certainly have come into conflict with the new government. To imagine Gandhi in India today is to realize how lucky it is for the present prime minister—"the coincidence of their names being one of the ironies of history"—that he is not alive, for he would certainly prove a greater antagonist than any she has yet thrown in jail.

To imagine Mahatma Gandhi alive today is also to be made painfully aware of how drastically Gandhism, in both its spiritual and practical programs, has eroded in India. That is the message that comes through time and time again in Ved Mehta's interviews with Gandhi's followers. Only two of the score or more he talked to have been involved in the government (interestingly, both are women)—in spite of the fact that Mahatma was, in his lifetime, the greatest force in the Congress party, which now rules India with such an iron hand. All his preaching has made little lasting impression on his countrymen. Says Mehta: "Gandhi died without making the slightest dent in the Hindu attitude toward excreta and sanitation, and, by extension, toward spiritual pollution and untouchability. Since Gandhi's death, the filth has spread and spread, and the lot of the untouchables

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has not noticeably improved as a result of their new legal status." The population grows dizzyingly day by day, and India is committed to a program of industrialization as its only hope. And the crowning irony: Gandhi, who was nothing if not a man of peace, is little honored today in his own nation, which has fought more wars since its independence than any other country in Asia.

Do we blame it on history? On India? On the grip of economic necessity that has so crippled the land that whatever practical or spiritual options it might once have had have been wrested from it one by one? Or is the fact that Mahatma Gandhi's ministry made so transient an impression in his own land perhaps due, in part, to facets of his own character that somehow got in the way? Was Gandhi partly to blame for the failure of Gandhism?

Mehta, the Indian-born *New Yorker* writer, is obviously in fundamental sympathy with Gandhi. Yet he does not flinch from such hard questions—although the answers he gives are offered more often by implication, mostly in material quoted from others, in stories told, and in information passed on without comment.

What seems to have gotten in the way of Gandhi's programs was his own growing hunger for personal sainthood, for which he sacrificed himself and those closest to him. Early on, he took the position that since material success was of no consequence, there was no need to prepare his four sons to achieve it: he would be doing them a disservice to educate them. And, in fact, they received very little formal education and no professional training at all. As a result, all were more or less dependent upon him. One, his eldest son, Harilal, in a desperate bid to be free, became everything his father was not —a meat eater, a drinker of alcohol, a gambler, and a convert to Islam. Harilal wound up embezzling 30,000 rupees. His father paid the sum back, then printed an account of the affair in his newspaper, *Young India*, concluding that "men may be good, not necessarily their children."

Gandhi's vow of celibacy was taken without consulting his wife, Kasturbai; her feelings about this or any other matter were apparently of no concern to him. He eventually became so obsessed by *brahmacharya* that, in a maneuver worthy of the randiest, most morbidly neurotic Christian puritan, he began sleeping naked with attractive young girls from among his followers in order to test his resolve to keep that vow of celibacy. "The greater the temptation, the greater the renunciation," Gandhi often said. Somehow he always passed the test.

More and more, in his later years, he saw himself essentially as a holy man, a saint, and less as an activist. Gandhi tended to attract, choose, and keep around him those who were easily dominated. Those of a stronger nature, nominal followers such as Nehru and Shastri, wisely kept their distance from him. Thus it was that those closest to Gandhi were those least able to carry on his work. It was inevitable that when Gandhi died, his programs would collapse.

If there is a message for us in this excellent, careful, and scrupulously honest account by Ved Mehta, then it is one that not only Gandhi's apostles but also Christian hagiologists would no doubt heatedly deny: sanctity is a selfish enterprise. The saint is a man so neurotically absorbed with his soul's state of health that he becomes a kind of spiritual hypochondriac, one who, at bottom, would really rather be sick. ◉

Talking with Ved Mehta

For Ved Mehta, the work entitled *Mahatma Gandhi and His Apostles*, which was originally designed to be a comparatively brief and easy book, a sequel to his big *Portrait of India*, turned into a project that absorbed nearly six years of a busy writer's life, exhausted two major grants, and involved thousands of miles of travel and hundreds of interviews. "It was a book that just kept growing in scope and conception," Mehta said recently. What was eventually published was "only a fraction of the original mass of material." Still, it is an intense distillation of all that material, what Mehta proudly feels is "an irreducible minimum."

Although there have been about 400 biographies of Gandhi, Mehta's study is the only one in which many of the ascetic revolutionary's early apostles and supporters have been extensively interviewed —and thereby hung a problem. "It was one of tone," Mehta says. "How do you write about these elderly, often eccentric, and sometimes pathetic figures without patronizing them and yet make them comprehensible to a Western reader?" Then, too, there was the difficulty of dealing frankly with Gandhi's remarkable and often obsessional notions about sexual and other bodily functions. "He is one of the greatest figures in human history, yet I had to show him at some of his most intimate moments, because they are essential to proper understanding."

The book emerged partly from the pessimism that filled Mehta at the conclusion of his *Portrait of India*—a pessimism arising out of his belief that his native land's unfathomable poverty could never be changed—and partly out of his conviction that most history lacks a sense of how events appeared to their participants. Hence his untiring efforts to interview, while they were still alive, as many of those who had been close to his subject as possible. (Mehta recalls being taken to Gandhi's meetings when he was a boy growing up in India, but he was only thirteen years old when the leader was assassinated, in 1948, and his memories are not sharp.)

With the partition of India that followed the end of the British raj, Mehta's family had to resettle, and the boy, blind from the age of three as a result of meningitis, was sent to a special school for the blind in Arkansas. He went on to Pomona College, thence to Oxford to read history, then back to Harvard for postgraduate study. He has lived in New York for the past 15 years, becoming a *New Yorker* writer along the way and fathering nine books. The first of them, *Face to Face* (1957), won him glowing reviews and put his picture on the cover of *SR*, but, like all his books since, it was more successful with critics than with a large public.

One has heard of blind poets and novelists, but a blind journalist seems like an impossibility; yet somehow Mehta manages, traveling by himself most of the time, making his own notes, picking up physical details from touch and sound, making not the slightest concession to his condition in his often visual writing. He has developed his own elaborate research and writing techniques to conquer the disability (he must hire readers and typists), about which he will say nothing at this stage. But he promises to reveal all in one of the volumes of the massive autobiographical study on which he expects to be working for most of his life: one volume, *Daddyji*, about his father, is already out; he is now working on *Mammaji*, and he has not even reached his own birth yet. ("Everyone should interview his own parents," he says. "It's amazing how much they can tell you.") And, in between, he is writing a book on the India of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, of which he disapproves firmly, from a distance. —JOHN F. BAKER

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Encounters with the Arch Journalist

The John McPhee Reader
edited by William L. Howarth
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 382 pp., $12.95
Vintage paperback, 358 pp., $3.95

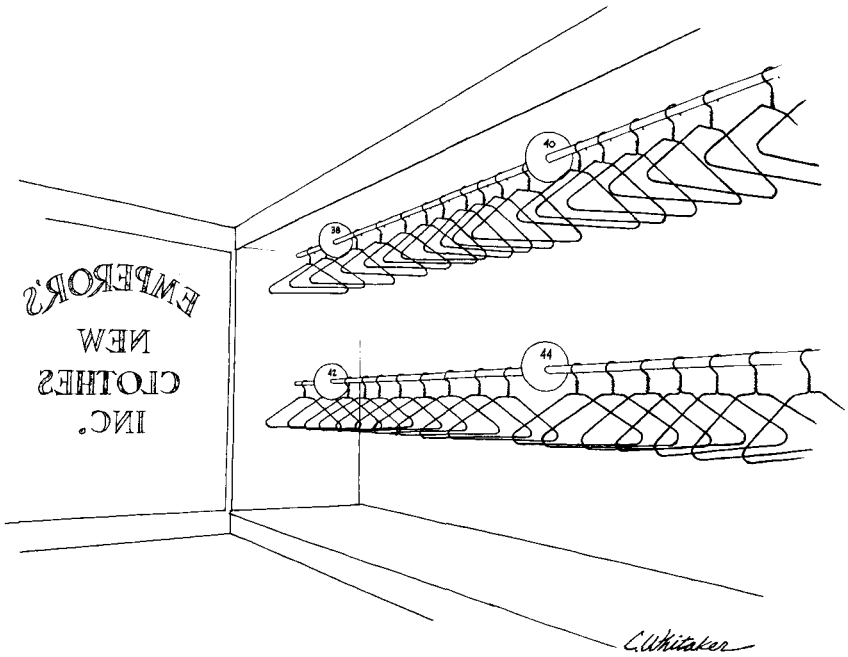
Reviewed by Anthony Wolff

WITHOUT meaning to, *The John McPhee Reader* raises an academic quibble: How can John McPhee have become a major writer—arguably the best nonfiction writer in the business, or at least a contender—without ever writing on a major subject? The other ranking nonfiction writers of the last decade or so have earned their stripes on certifiably worthy assignments: Watergate and Vietnam, the food crisis, the population crisis, the energy crisis, the rise of women, and the decline of cities. Meanwhile, like a belletrist, McPhee has been exercising his formidable talents on a list of utterly trivial subjects that no normally jaded magazine editor would risk paper and ink on, much less money: bark canoes, school headmasters, Monopoly, tennis matches and basketball games, and oranges. That's right, oranges.

Other magazine writers compete and connive for important assignments, juggle two or three at a time, type like hell to make a living at the prevailing rates, and willingly suffer all sorts of indignities to their prose and their egos on the way to the printer. Not McPhee; not at *The New Yorker*, where he has worked as a staff writer since 1964 and where the management is rumored to have mastered the care and feeding of writers: pay them well, leave them alone, and publish their scribblings as written. McPhee picks his own assignments, with routine advice and consent of the magazine's editors. He has an office at *The New Yorker*'s uninviting Manhattan headquarters, but he never goes there, has reportedly never met his colleagues in the neighboring offices. Instead, McPhee does his typing close to home and family in leafy Princeton, N.J., where he grew up. At other times he travels where his stories take him, with his employer paying the bills. In addition, *The New Yorker* sends him quarterly "advances" ample enough to afford McPhee the luxury of turning down all manner of lucrative distractions and doing only one thing at a time.

In return for all this, McPhee delivers to his employer occasional short pieces and, every year or so, a book-length manuscript, which *The New Yorker* serializes. After a decent interval, the longer pieces are usually reissued as hard-cover books. In his dozen years at *The New Yorker*, McPhee has by this process become the author of a dozen thin volumes that have earned him a literary success—including two National Book Award nominations—that most magazine writers can only dream of. *The John McPhee Reader* recycles his *New Yorker* production yet again, into an anthology of excerpts from each of his books.

Since McPhee chooses subjects that confer no automatic honor or stature upon the writer, it is easy and tempting to assume that it is not what McPhee writes about but the way he does it that accounts for his great and growing repute among both readers and fellow guild members. For as good an example as any, take the very first paragraph of the very first selection in the *Reader*. It is from "A Sense of Where You Are," a profile of basketball star Bill Bradley in his Princeton days that was McPhee's first appearance in *The New Yorker*, his entrance exam for membership on that select staff. McPhee is describing the National Collegiate Athletic Association play-offs in Philadelphia, as Princeton is about to play in the last game of a triple-header. The crowd has already seen its fill of basketball and is anti-Princeton anyway, when Bradley comes onto the court to warm up:



As he does before all games, he began by shooting set shots close to the basket, gradually moving back until he was shooting long sets from twenty feet out, and nearly all of them dropped into the net with an almost mechanical rhythm of accuracy. Then he began a series of expandingly difficult jump shots, and one jumper after another went cleanly through the basket with so few exceptions that the crowd began to murmur. Then he started to perform whirling reverse moves before another cadence of almost steadily accurate jump shots, and the murmur increased. Then he began to sweep hook shots into the air. He moved in a semicircle around the court. First with his right hand, then with his left, he tried seven of these long, graceful shots—the most difficult ones in the orthodoxy of basketball—and ambidextrously made them

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all. The game had not even begun, but the presumably unimpressible Philadelphians were applauding like an audience at an opera.

McPhee made an impressive debut and then proceeded to get better as his career lengthened out behind him. Any one of a dozen or more paragraphs from the *Reader* would have served equally well as an example of the McPhee method, but the characteristic elements of his prose were already in place at the start. Always, McPhee works with accurate, authentic details, verified by personal experience as well as obsessive research, and rendered into prose with almost photographic precision. McPhee's mode is plain speech. He is capable of a virtuoso performance when the occasion requires it, but it seldom does. Whole pages, whole stories, go by without a single phrase that calls for attention to be paid to its beauty. McPhee's description of Bradley, whom he admires (as he admires all his subjects) and to whom he has remained close, would serve as well to describe himself:

> He dislikes flamboyance, and, unlike some of basketball's greatest stars, has apparently never made a move merely to attract attention. While some players are eccentric in their shooting, his shots, with only occasional exceptions, are straightforward and unexaggerated.

McPhee controls his prose the way Bradley controls a basketball, with perfect economy, achieving the kind of elegance that might escape people who appreciate having the monograms of expensive stores stamped all over their worldly goods. Without flourishes, McPhee delivers paragraphs that tend toward perfection, bits of dialogue and action absolutely true to life and refined into epiphanies.

McPhee's purpose in lavishing all this talent and technique on apparently lightweight subjects is evident early on in *The John McPhee Reader*, in the second paragraph of the Bradley excerpt:

> I asked him what he called his over-the-shoulder shot. He said that he had never heard a name for it, but that he had seen Oscar Robertson, of the Cincinnati Royals, and Jerry West, of the Los Angeles Lakers, do it, and had worked it out for himself. He went on to say that it is a much simpler shot than it appears to be, and, to illustrate, he tossed a ball over his shoulder and into the basket while he was talking and looking me in the eye. I retrieved the ball and handed it back to him. "When you have played basketball for a while, you don't need to look at the basket when you are in close like this," he said, throwing it over his shoulder again and right through the hoop. "You develop a sense of where you are."

The characters McPhee admires—and his books are peopled with them—all have "a sense of where they are," both literally and metaphorically. The triviality of McPhee's subjects is merely apparent. What McPhee is preoccupied with, as much as or more than writers who deal with Big Subjects, are the values that people live by, that give them what used to be called character in days of less woozy standards. Other writers look for values and character among important people doing important deeds in high places. Finding them lacking, they become cynical, and may make cynics of us all. McPhee will have none of it. He knows that in public life most of what passes for character is electioneering and that values are platform poses, good only for a campaign. McPhee does not attend press conferences.

The disparate protagonists of McPhee's stories—his heroes, if you will—march to their different drummers and toward smaller obsessions, but toward their own. Their goals are personal, sometimes bizarre, perhaps unimportant in the larger scheme: the perfect bark canoe, flying machine, or orange; the faultless basketball game or tennis match; the simple life. The goal almost doesn't matter to McPhee except as an organizing focus for the life and the story. What McPhee responds to are the personal qualities the goal inspires. His heroes have a few traits in common, and in uncommon degree: independence almost to the point of obstinacy; modesty combined with self-assurance derived from a high degree of competence, either physical or intellectual or both; self-discipline.

McPhee doesn't write much about values or character, of course, and the people he is writing about don't know they have them, or don't mention it if they do. McPhee's great trick is that, like Bill Bradley, he "tosses the ball into the basket over one shoulder, like a pinch of salt."

If a collection like this is some kind of award, certifying that a writer is Major, then McPhee deserves one. It is interesting, too, to have all of McPhee's characters, with their idiosyncrasies and obsessions, assembled in one volume. They are as good to meet in a group as singly. Still, McPhee's pieces run long as magazine articles, but short as books, and 11 of them—the Bradley profile is regrettably missing—are still in print, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. ◉

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For the Love of Glory

The Gamesman
by Michael Maccoby
Simon & Schuster, 285 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Paul Roazen

"A NEW type of man is taking over leadership of the most technically advanced companies in America. In contrast to the jungle-fighter industrialists of the past, he is driven not to build or to preside over empires, but to organize winning teams. Unlike the security-seeking organization man, he is excited by the chance to cut deals and to gamble. . . . And he is troubled by it: the new industrial leader can recognize that his work develops his head but not his heart."

This arresting passage from *The Gamesman* epitomizes Michael Maccoby's bold new departure from the old "organization man" and "lonely crowd" depictions of the corporate personality. Some seven years ago, psychoanalyst Maccoby set out to study the personality types running America's advanced-technology firms. He talked to 250 managers at 12 major companies and then made a special in-depth study of two dynamic multinationals that serve as models for other corporations.

Maccoby's background includes a close association with Erich Fromm, and he both draws from and expands on some of Fromm's key concepts. In particular, Maccoby is interested in finding out how work and character influence each other and why—since every organization or society has a "psychostructure" that selects different character types for different roles—certain types of people stay at a certain level in a corporation and fail if they rise higher, while other types of people reach the top. When he began his study, Maccoby knew that traditional clinical approaches would produce misleading results, so he adopted two methods used by cultural anthropologists: participant observation and wide-ranging discussion. Personality differences among the managers—their motives, traits, and values—differences that determined their managerial styles and eventually the level to which they could rise in the hierarchy, were discovered during the course of a three- to twenty-hour interview structured around a comprehensive questionnaire, dream analysis, and Rorschach tests.

The managers—and in some cases their wives and secretaries—were perfectly willing to cooperate in the project. They, too, wanted to learn what motivates good managers, because they had an uneasy feeling that their work was developing certain narrow, occupationally useful qualities in them at the expense of broader personal potentials.

Maccoby discovered four basic types of manager, each with a clearly defined set of personality traits. Perhaps surprisingly, he found that neither the perfectionist "craftsman," who competes mainly against himself, nor the "jungle fighter," who competes against everybody else, reaches the top anymore. At least in the corporations he studied, Maccoby found a compelling need for—of all things—trust and interdependence. Moreover, he found that the "company man," who made it big in the 1950s by fitting in and sporting a gray-flannel suit, now accepts a bureaucratic role and expects to go no higher than middle management.

Maccoby's thesis is that a new type of man, the "gamesman" of the book's title, has assumed the leadership of today's most innovative businesses. The higher up the corporate ladder one looks in a large electronics firm, for example, the more likely one is to find a gamesman. Though John F. Kennedy never met a payroll, he seems to be the model and ideal of the breed. Fascinated by technique and a lover of the calculated risk, the gamesman excels at problem-solving and coolness under stress. He is fair and open, but lacking in convictions. His independence and inventiveness allow him to adapt easily to changing markets and technologies. He must assemble winning teams, and to do so he must be seductive and supportive, responsive to different human needs. Cooperation is necessary if his gambles are to pay off. But the spirit of cooperation at work does not necessarily foster real caring at home, as Maccoby soon discovered.

AFTER Maccoby had conducted the first round of interviews, he was invited by a friend to visit Bohemian Grove, an executive retreat north of San Francisco where corporate presidents encamp with government officials, military men, university presidents, and a smattering of movie stars for informal lakeside talks. A weekend there, his friend thought, would allow Maccoby to see executives in an atmosphere that would encourage them to express their natural impulses.

"It was a totally male society . . . and the adolescent *macho* quality was emphasized by the fact that you were encouraged to urinate against the nearest redwood," reports Maccoby. "Every year a play is put on in which men take women's roles. The play I saw was full of antifeminine digs and humor that expressed the executive's estrangement from home and family. Example: The president of 'Amalgamated Consolidated, Incorporated' calls in his son, who has done poorly as vice-president for public relations. The president tells him he is no good. 'I'm glad,' he says, 'that your mother isn't alive to see your failure.' 'But, Dad,' the son answers, 'she is alive; I saw her this morning.' 'Is that so?' says the president. 'Well, I can't be expected to know every little thing that happens around here.' Loud laughter."

Of course this story is an exaggeration, at least for the majority of those interviewed by Maccoby. Still, from the start, Maccoby wanted to understand what toll the technological-corporate life took on the managers' emotional lives. Meanwhile, some managers volunteered to participate in the study precisely because they believed their work had caused them to fail

Paul Roazen's most recent book is Erik Erikson: The Power and Limits of a Vision.

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as husbands and fathers, and they were eager to find out why. *The Gamesman* is, then, broader in scope than it may at first appear. It tells us not only about managers in relation to their work but also about their personal lives, their feelings about social and political issues, and their larger ideals and concerns.

For the most part, Maccoby found that the gamesman lacks deep self-understanding and shows little concern for the social consequences of his work. The ideals of cooperation and interdependence notwithstanding, in all the companies Maccoby studied he found the spirit of competition rampant. He also discovered that each type of manager is motivated differently: "the craftsman by interest and pleasure in building and bettering the standard; the jungle fighter by his drive for power over others to escape being crushed by them; the company man by fear of failure and wish for approval; and the gamesman by glory and the need to be in control."

Maccoby concludes that "given our socioeconomic system, with its stimulation of greed, its orientation to control and predictability, its valuation of power and prestige above justice and creative human development, these fair-minded gamesmen may be as good as we can expect from corporate leaders." Throughout the book, Maccoby's concern lies in evaluating social systems in terms of how well they help to mobilize the creative energies of different types of people. He thinks that most of the managers he studied were not neurotic but underdeveloped, and he sees the prevalence of gamesmanship as one symptom of a misguided society rather than as an object of moralistic wrath. Fearing that careerism may become our major national pastime, Maccoby appeals for a new corporate type, one in whom the qualities of the heart would be encouraged in addition to those of the head. ◉

The craftsman. The craftsman holds the traditional values of the productive-hoarding character—the work ethic, respect for people, concern for quality and thrift. When he talks about his work, his interest is in the *process* of making something; he enjoys building. He sees others, co-workers as well as superiors, in terms of whether they help or hinder him in doing a craftsmanlike job. . . . Quiet, sincere, modest, and practical, his virtues are admired by everyone, [but] his self-containment and perfectionism do not allow him to lead a complex and changing organization. Rather than engaging and trying to master the system with the cooperation of others who share his values, he tends to do his own thing and go along, sometimes reluctantly, toward goals he does not share, enjoying whatever opportunities he finds for interesting work.

The jungle fighter. The jungle fighter's goal is power. He experiences life and work as a jungle (not a game), where it is eat or be eaten, and the winners destroy the losers. A major part of his psychic resources is budgeted for his internal department of defense. Jungle fighters tend to see their peers in terms of accomplices or enemies and their subordinates as objects to be utilized. There are two subtypes of jungle fighters, lions and foxes. The lions are the conquerors who when successful may build an empire; the foxes make their nests in the corporate hierarchy and move ahead by stealth and politicking.

The company man. In the company man, we recognize the well-known organization man, or the functionary whose sense of identity is based on being part of the powerful, protective company. His strongest traits are his concern with the human side of the company, his interest in the feelings of the people around him and his commitment to maintain the organization's integrity. At his weakest, he is fearful and submissive, concerned with security even more than with success. The most creative company men sustain an atmosphere in their groups of cooperation, stimulation, and mutuality. The least creative find a little niche and satisfy themselves by feeling that somehow they share in the glory of the corporation.

The gamesman. The modern gamesman . . . loves change and wants to influence its course. He likes to take calculated risks and is fascinated by technique and new methods. He sees a developing project, human relations, and his own career in terms of options and possibilities, as if they were a game. His character is a collection of near paradoxes understood in terms of its adaptation to the organization requirements. He is cooperative but competitive; detached and playful but compulsively driven to succeed; a team player but a would-be superstar; a team leader but often a rebel against bureaucratic hierarchy; fair and unprejudiced but contemptuous of weakness; tough and dominating but not destructive. Unlike other business types, he is energized to compete not because he wants to build an empire, not for riches, but rather for fame, glory, the exhilaration of running his team and of gaining victories. His main goal is to be known as a winner, and his deepest fear is to be labeled a loser.

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Books in Brief

Benjamin Franklin: The Shaping of Genius—The Boston Years
by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot
Doubleday, 495 pp., $10.95

NINE-YEAR-OLD Ben Franklin was already a simplifier, and he proposed to his astounded father that prayer time be saved by saying grace once and for all over the family's entire winter supply of salt meat. Josiah Franklin, a man of "sound understanding and solid judgment," did not hesitate. He withdrew the boy from the Boston Latin School, whence he had been intended for Harvard and the ministry, and apprenticed him as a printer to another son, James. It was an inspired choice. Ben educated himself from library books and, at seventeen, having learned all that the trade and the town could teach him, escaped from his brother's beratings to Philadelphia, freedom, and fame.

Arthur Bernon Tourtellot tells the story of those years with perception, authority, and sometimes overpowering background detail. He shows Franklin to have been wise even in the selection of forebears—nonconformist craftsmen who doubled as inventors and polemicists—and ends by reinforcing the image Franklin cannily created for himself, that of a self-confident product of a Puritanism shorn of dogmatism, neither contemplative nor introspective, but convinced that God's will can be done in this world by the force of intelligence and diligence. —MAX M. MINTZ

Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine
by Tom Wolfe
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 243 pp., $8.95

IN THE Sixties, Tom Wolfe was fun because he could tag as stylish (and mimic) behavior everyone else assumed was merely weird. But now, in the Seventies, when we have no style but think we're flush, when we're no longer Merry Pranksters or Flak Catchers but just a bunch of folks full of attitudes—now even the zingiest journalist has got a problem. Attitudes give birth to attitudes, which sour as fast as milk, and the sharpshooter either turns curmudgeon (like Malcolm Muggeridge) or fancies himself a satirist.

Muggeridge at least has a faith, a place to withdraw back into. Wolfe, with his

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popcorn style and tailor's fussiness, has only the world, and it's one he doesn't much care for anymore. We're in the "Me Decade," this collection of essays flappingly asserts; we brim over with silly selfishness and deplorable postures. Wolfe interestingly opposes this idea with a piece on the chivalric gesture and class found in the behavior of F-4 fighter-bombers "jousting" over Vietnam: to hang on the precipice of your mortal soul in a flying hunk of metal is better than crossing Dr. Freud's perilous gulch (the former presumably hasn't too much "me" about it—or much "you" either). The distinction is piquant, I'd say. In his last book and now this one, Wolfe seems to be going after tinsel with an ax. Two or three of the pieces here are still fun, one is fine, but the whole is increasingly no-account and overfried. —ROSS FELD

A Fringe of Leaves
by Patrick White
Viking, 405 pp., $10

NOBEL prizewinner Patrick White, one of the great twentieth-century novelists, creates in his latest work a tale of shipwreck and survival reminiscent of Conrad's brilliant and brooding speculations on the dialectic between a tragically imperfect civilization and the forbidding and brutish world of nature. Set in the elegant drawing rooms of landed nineteenth-century England and the barbaric outlands of Australia, *A Fringe of Leaves* introduces us to one of the most engrossing women in modern fiction. Ellen Roxburgh is a study in the ways of female passivity and helplessness, when these qualities are deployed as strategic weapons in a passionate drive to endure. Morally and psychologically complex, she is indeed a victim of her class, sex, and circumstances. Deeply compliant, she is formed by the narrowness of her options, choosing life over fulfillment, where clearly she is not destined to have both. Yet she emerges as grand and thrilling in her resilience, withstanding a savagery that threatens from within and without.

Vibrant with echoes of classic nineteenth-century novels, White's book, both an adventure story and a scintillating novel of morals and manners, is a perfect web of high narrative strategies, appropriate language, and resonant literary meanings. *A Fringe of Leaves* exhilarates through sheer excellence, fulfills all the promise of the traditional novel, and does justice to the endless complexities of the modernist temper as well. —JANE LARKIN CRAIN

The Oranging of America and Other Stories
by Max Apple
Grossman, 152 pp., $7.95

MAX APPLE writes fiction the way Claes Oldenburg makes sculptures. His short stories in *The Oranging of America* take American obsessions and fads, myths and habits, and explode them into ingenious symbols with a life all their own. His comic intelligence either magnifies desires like the need to own a home ("My Real Estate") into tangible absurdities or reduces pressing ideological issues to metaphorical jokes, as when Fidel Castro and an American "capitalist" agent compete in a baseball game for the loyalties of a Cuban ex-ballplayer turned revolutionary.

Life is not only a game, Apple's stories seem to say, but a game show ("Noon," for instance, is based on television's *Let's Make a Deal*). They mimic peculiarly American aspirations in matters as grave as economics, politics, and literature. "Inside Norman Mailer" pits the young author, Apple, as "campy lightweight" against Mailer in a prizefight that becomes a struggle for artistic identity and independence. Apple's parables are about pioneers, because in America that is what our deluded dreamers, mad visionaries, and inspired madmen turn out to be. The title story, "The Oranging of America," then, is about Howard Johnson and his mission to spread plastic romance and the "color of the sunset" across the continent. After you have read Apple's version of how "HJ's" faithful but dying secretary is given a cryogenic deep-freeze trailer to die in, those 28 flavors will never taste the same.

Apple's humor is entirely effective. From political morality to private hangups, he hits things right on target by making the familiar into a parody of itself, by letting spoofs show how serious our zany realities are. Much of his brilliance lies in the versatile range of voices he is able to assume and in a talent for punning that leaps into a wonderful realm of linguistic high jinks and buffoonery. Apple pokes fun at high culture and appreciates low, but his own art shades more to the transcendental than the pop. It transforms while it impersonates, changing not only what we see but the way we see it.

—CELIA BETSKY

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Worthwhile

Douglas Worth is a thirty-odd-year-old poet who teaches at a junior high school in Newton, Mass. He has appeared in the big and little magazines and has been praised by such worthy praisers as Richard Wilbur, Denise Levertov, and A. R. Ammons. His first book was published by a small press, as will be his second, *Invisibilities* (Apple-wood Press, Box 2870, Cambridge, Mass. 02139; February 1, $2.95 plus 25¢ postage). The variety of his subject matter can be seen in a sampling of his titles (he's not a fan of capital letters): "the children's books," "deer crossing," and "to my penis." Here's "eagle":

When the ungainly brood
are of an age
he leads them
up to thin bare boughs
and abandons them
to flop in the wind
hiding himself
on a low branch upstream
where for weeks unflinching
he watches the sky
for panic and hunger to toughen
their reluctant sinews
then drives them screaming
into their lives.

Sparkling Selzer

When I picked up *Moral Lessons: Notes on the Art of Surgery*, by Richard Selzer (Simon & Schuster, January 21, $8.95), I had never heard of the author or the book, and had no particular interest in surgery. Ten minutes later I was dropping my jaw in wonderment at this wildly extravagant writer. Dr. Selzer is a surgeon (on the Yale faculty) who smokes, drinks, and celebrates the sexual act. He even makes puns: ". . . in Scripture it is implied that Noah had a lot to drink, and Lot could not say Noah." There are chapters titled "The Surgeon as Priest," "Bone," "The Knife," "The Corpse," "Baldness," and "Abortion." He's a glorious writer; sometimes too glorious, inverting sentences such as: "Numberless are the unguents and poultices, the stoups and butters which desperate man has rubbed in his pate." Let me just say that this is a book that will nail you to your chair, will make you shout for joy, will scare the hell out of you. Speaking of which, here he is with a just-opened abdomen:

For the first time we can see into the cavity of the abdomen. Such a primitive place. One expects to find drawings of buffalo on the walls. The sense of trespassing is keener now, heightened by the world's light illuminating the organs, their secret colors revealed—maroon and salmon and yellow. The vista is sweetly vulnerable at this moment, a kind of welcoming. An arc of the liver shines high and on the right, like a dark sun. It laps over the pink sweep of the stomach, from whose lower border the gauzy omentum is draped, and through which veil one sees, sinuous, slow as just-fed snakes, the indolent coils of the intestine.

Young Wallace and Old Robert

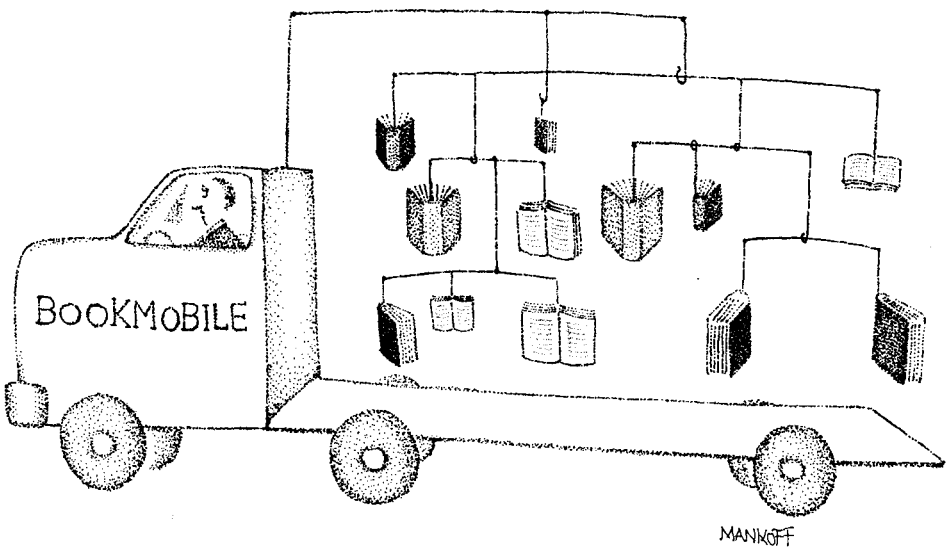
Here are Wallace Stevens and Robert Frost, both old men, joshing each other:

"The trouble with you, Robert, is that you're too academic," said Stevens.
"The trouble with you, Wallace, is that you're too executive," retorted Frost.
"The trouble with you, Robert, is that you write about—subjects."
"The trouble with you, Wallace, is that you write about—bric-a-brac."

The exchange is from *Robert Frost: The Later Years 1938–1963*, by Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, January 24, $17.95). This is the third volume of the definitive biography. The first two won a Pulitzer Prize for Mr. Thompson, who died before completing this one—it was finished by Mr. Winnick. What a difficult old bugger Frost was! How egoed on! He had a maxim: "I only go—when I'm the show," and if other poets shared the limelight, he'd pout and cause distractions, like a small boy. The book is a record of his week-to-week peregrinations, from platform to platform here and abroad, as he was belaureled, bemedaled, and feted. All this and the pain of a wife dying, a son killing himself, and a daughter gone mad. He had earlier been a jealous enemy of T. S. Eliot but made up with him in 1957, writing:

You and I shot off at different tangents from almost the same pin wheel. We had America in common and we had Ezra in common though you had much more of him than I. If I was ever cross with you it was for leaving America behind too far and Ezra not far enough.

Wallace Stevens, on the other hand, was a private person, aloof from fellow poets, fellow insurance executives, and his family. His daughter, Holly Stevens, has just edited *Souvenirs and Prophecies: The Young Wallace Stevens* (Knopf, January 21, $12.50), made up principally of excerpts from letters and journals written between 1898 and 1914. Many early verses are included, and they're pretty bad, giving little indication that the man who composed them would become the strongly individual "best poet of French verse in the English language" (as somebody once said). It was not until 1914, when he was thirty-five, that Stevens found his true poetic voice. ◉



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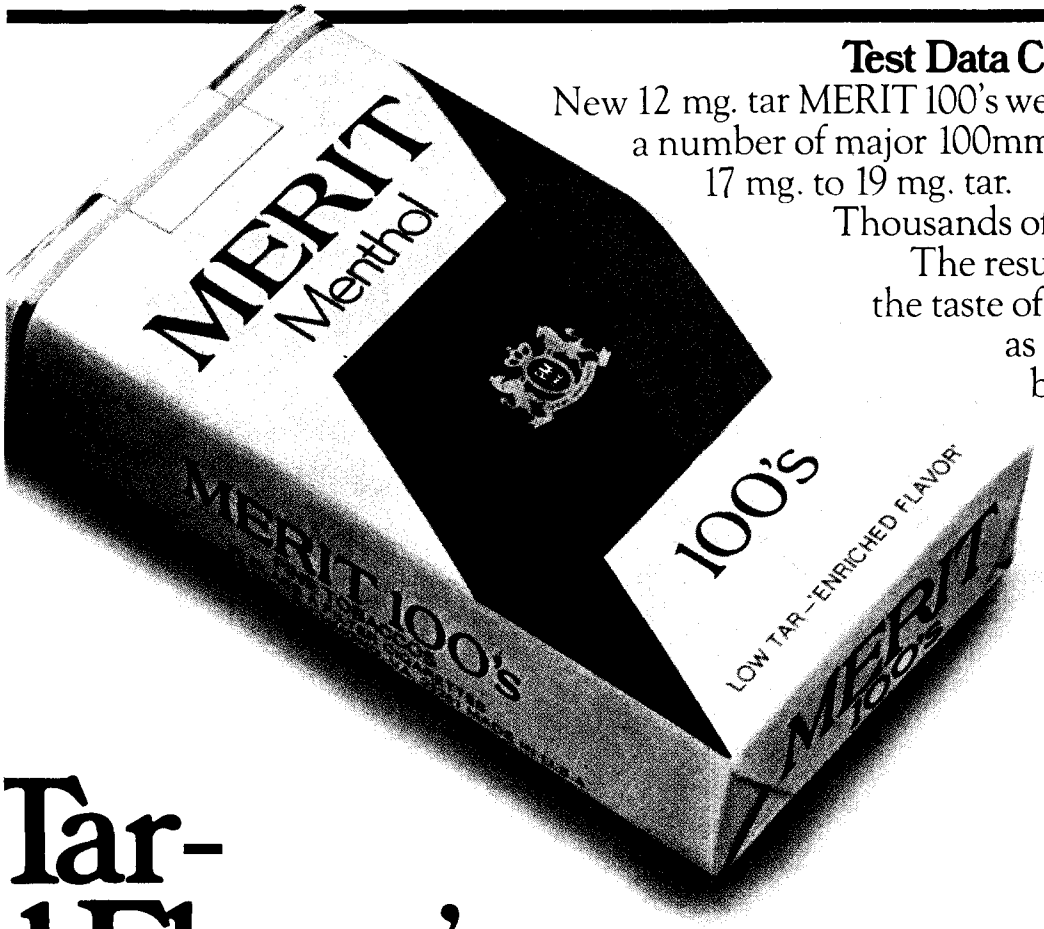

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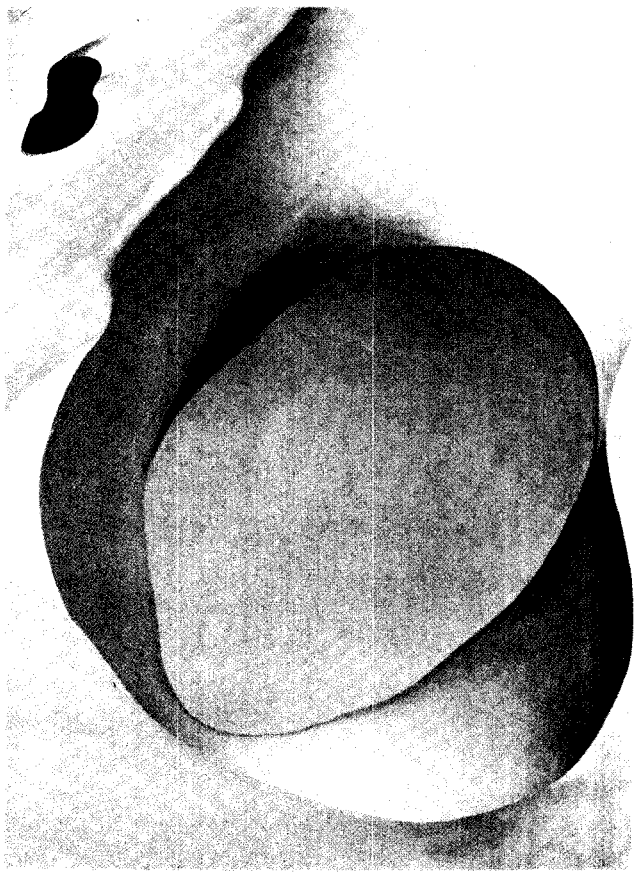
Georgia O'Keeffe by Georgia O'Keeffe

by Katharine Kuh

Art books are widely bought but rarely read; for most people they exist to be looked at, the reproductions acting as convenient ersatz exhibitions. Students and specialists, to be sure, dutifully plow through texts that rarely break with routine historical methodologies. How ironic to find the world of visual pleasure victimized by stereotyped, sterile language. There is probably no target more relentlessly obscured by words than the Fine Arts. Too often, an involuted, pretentious flow of mumbo jumbo, instead of opening eyes, discourages them from looking—even worse, from seeing.

And so the arrival of an art book liberated from all the usual shibboleths is cause for hosannas. Called *Georgia O'Keeffe* and written by the artist herself, it is a new kind of autobiography in which personal confessions, famous names, and psychological investigations are strictly taboo; all that counts are the irresistible stimuli that O'Keeffe claims have inspired her paintings. Following a more or less chronological format, she reminisces about those visual experiences, largely related to nature, from which her work stems. Unfolding flowers, fluctuating light on adobe walls, coiling rivers seen from airplanes, bleached bones scattered in the desert—all of these are characteristic source material for her. Yet the artist's succinct, basic English can be deceptive, for her words are apt to operate on two levels—first, as detailed descriptions of her reactions to the natural world around her, and second, as clues to the alterations, elisions, and transformations that lift her paintings from direct visual reports to rarefied equivalents.

"Stump in Red Hills," 1940. Collection: Mr. and Mrs. Burton H. Lyons



"Pelvis III," 1944, on loan to The Art Institute of Chicago

" 'I rarely paint anything I don't know well.' "

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O'Keeffe never uses a two-syllable word where a one-syllable word will work. She writes clearly, at times lyrically, and always with unvarnished simplicity. Art terminology is conspicuously absent, allowing any intelligent layman to understand, if not always agree with, the painter's careful account of herself and her work, which in this case are one and the same. For her, immediate contact with nature is the touchstone. It is never just plants, rocks, shells, bones, mountains, and rivers that fascinate her; it is their transmutation by variations in distance, scale, color, angle, and by such immediate circumstances as the time of day, the slant of the sun, the slightest atmospheric nuance. Not least are the artist's own associations; for who can deny how difficult it is to separate what one sees from who one is?

In O'Keeffe's paintings human beings are nonexistent, though occasionally they are suggested by the presence of man-made architecture. Her stark barns, her New Mexican churches, her geometric Manhattan skyscrapers, are less related to a nostalgia for people than to a preoccupation with the environment these structures occupy. In discussing certain canvases devoted to the Penitente crosses of New Mexico, she writes, "For me, painting the crosses was a way of painting the country." Like her pictures, O'Keeffe's book has little to do with people. From her earliest years she looks back on herself as a loner who was laboriously finding her way through personal trial and error.

She mentions her husband, Alfred Stieglitz, only rarely and even less frequently the group of artists with whom she exhibited in his renowned gallery. She admits to few if any human influences, her need to be on her own becoming a virtual obsession. Several years ago, however, she did confess that the artist Arthur Dow, with whom she studied, was important in her development. "This man," she said, "had one dominating idea: to fill a space in a beautiful way—and that interested me. After all, everyone has to do just that—make choices. . . . By this time I had a technique for handling oil and watercolor easily—Dow gave me something to do with it."

Despite an iconoclastic text, this luxuriously designed volume (priced at $75) is also a picture book featuring 108 flawless color reproductions, which in many cases have not been published before. What adds considerable interest is O'Keeffe's emphasis on various series of paintings, demonstrating graphically how she developed certain themes by gradually altering and condensing the compositions to attain greater purity. This whittling-down process produced final works that appear abstract but in fact are not; they are still related to recognizable visual experiences. Yet because so much has been eliminated, they are reduced to their organic scaffolding. A series of six canvases devoted to jack-in-the-pulpits starts with a relatively realistic and, what appears to me, strongly phallic version, moves on to a magnified close-up of a fragment, and ultimately turns into a single startling flame of white light against a velvetlike background. In the end what we see is less a flower than a distillation of one.

Similarly, a series of animal pelvic bones is introduced by a somewhat naturalistic composition, but eventually the bones disappear and only the space encompassed by them remains. "I was the sort of child that ate around the raisin on the cookie and ate around the hole in the doughnut, saving either the raisin or the hole for the last and best," writes O'Keeffe. "So probably . . . I was most interested in the holes in the bones—what I saw through them. . . ." And what she saw was a dazzling day or night sky, a sky that recurs in many of her paintings and reflects the crystalline air of New Mexico, where she lives in the small town of Abiquiu.

The book, published by Viking Press, is big, of coffee-table size and weight, but not an orthodox coffee-table book nor for that matter an orthodox art monograph. There is no year-by-year list of accomplishments, exhibitions, honors; there are no footnotes, no bibliography. There isn't even an index, for Georgia O'Keeffe has always concentrated on eliminating what she finds burdensome or irrelevant. In her paintings, in her life, and in her book she insistently cuts away superfluous undergrowth. "I can't live any other way," she once told this reviewer. "My house in Abiquiu is pretty empty; only what I need is in it. I like empty walls." And speaking of walls, the most realistic abstractions she has produced are a series of paintings depicting her patio wall in Abiquiu, "the whole surface of that wonderful wall" often broken by only a single rectangular form—a door.

O'Keeffe's autobiography is dedicated to a search for the forces that have directed her. And in almost every case these forces are closer to nature than to the symbolism with which her admirers have saddled her and which she repudiates, stubbornly insisting that her work is free of *double entendres*. At the same time she admits to being swayed by certain personal reactions. For example, in writing about her painting of a poisonous blossoming weed, she observes, "Now when I think of the delicate fragrance of the flowers I almost feel the coolness and sweetness of the evening." That the plant was poisonous had not the slightest effect on her; it was the ambience in which she encountered it that mattered.

The painter is especially adamant in her rejection of any obvious symbolism, though she admits her vision is biased by her feelings in the presence of nature, feelings that are curiously the only vivid subjective emotions that surface in the book. Her magnified flowers are not, she assures us, the sexual evocations they so often seem; they are carefully observed growing objects that have been deliberately enlarged in order to make them more readily visible, more fully revealed. Yet the fact remains that, magnified or not, these exotic, unfurling forms are both lavishly sensuous and crisply precise.

O'Keeffe's vehement denial of erotic content suggests how deeply opposed she is to any form of labeling, to any suspicion that her work may reflect her role as a woman. Some years ago she told me, "You paint *from* your subject, not what you see. . . . I rarely paint anything I don't know well." Typical is her exhaustive investigation of a certain tree, going so far as to lie beneath it, looking "past the trunk and up into the branches," which she finally projected at an angle that stabbed through the foliage to collide with a star-studded sky. Despite her predilection for direct confrontation, this artist has produced some very romantic paintings, and, whether deliberately or not, an equally romantic image of herself as a solitary seeker.

With her, color plays a dominant role, sometimes hard, clear, and offbeat, even vulgar, sometimes mellifluous, tender, and marvelously ephemeral. In her landscapes of New Mexico, color can be flamboyant, yet anyone who has experienced the irrational mesas, mountains, deserts, and skies of that arid land will realize O'Keeffe has not exaggerated. Color follows no rules there and is so intense as to become hallucinatory. Vistas of strange shapes and colors doubtless attract this artist for the same reason that certain flowers do. Both

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are still untamed. Though her paintings are meticulously controlled, they nonetheless communicate much about the wildness and willfulness of nature.

As a person and artist, O'Keeffe comes across in one piece. Now eighty-nine, she has the élan, the cool assurance, and the linear elegance that have always distinguished her. One need only look back on the innumerable photographic studies of her by Alfred Stieglitz to realize how firmly the image still holds. Her language, life-style, and paintings all coalesce into a single unity. Nothing seems to sidetrack her. The story of her life in art is closely related to the places where she has lived and visited, to the natural phenomena that have activated her. "Where I was born and where and how I have lived is unimportant. It is what I have done with where I have been that should be of interest," she writes.

Above all, what emerges is her fierce determination to find herself, to be herself, and this she does by discovering and uncovering the secrets of nature very much as if they were the secrets of her own nature. Like many dedicated painters, she totally identifies with her art and in the process scuttles the day-by-day entanglements she presumably considers excess baggage. Always stripping away, she finally settles on what she needs to express "the wideness and wonder of the world as I live in it."

There is always the doubt that artists can explain their own work objectively; though why, indeed, should we want objective analyses from them? By reading their lines and between them, we can sometimes learn more from artists themselves (provided, of course, they can write) than from critics and historians. Most painters and sculptors are in relentless pursuit of what makes them tick, and surely, despite occasional ego hang-ups, they cannot help but provide us with important clues. One thinks immediately of such men as Noguchi, David Smith, and Tobey, all of whom have written clearly about their own work. It is as much what they exclude as what they include that is revealing, and this also holds for O'Keeffe.

Her struggles as a woman in a male-oriented art world are minimized. O'Keeffe is not a joiner, and though she has been pursued by Women's Lib, even by its high priestess, Gloria Steinem, she has resisted all efforts to lend herself to outside causes, for she sees herself only and always as an artist. ◉

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Something special was added to the Philadelphia Orchestra's last visit of the old year to Carnegie Hall by the appearance of Rudolf Serkin as soloist in not one but two Beethoven piano concerti under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. The evening became a triple rather than a double celebration by also commemorating Serkin's first appearance in the hall, 40 years before, an anniversary he had been forced to forgo last February because of illness.

Serkin's emergence from the wings and his brisk walk to stage center were omens of good health and spirit not as evident when, in the aftermath of his illness, he gave a benefit recital for New York's Ninety-second Street YMHA on the upper East Side late last season. When he had seated himself at the piano (the only place on the stage where this modest man feels at home), touch, tone, and technic were all at his command as he summoned up the spirit of Beethoven's B-flat Concerto. By comparison with the other four, this earliest of all is relatively undistinguished. But between them Serkin and Ormandy plunged into an exposition of its virtues—spirit, gusto, youthful impulse, and Beethoven's own brand of ardor—that towered over its shortcomings.

Something more than an hour later, Serkin returned to share with his colleagues onstage and a host of admirers in the hall his thoughts on the great Fourth

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf demonstrat looks on beside the accompanist—'

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Beethoven by Rudolf Serkin; Schwarzkopf–Legge; Britten

Concerto in G major. Here is a work whose supple substance can accommodate the tonal formulations of almost any qualified performer who bends it to him. This could range from the petit-point design of the late Myra Hess or the rippling suavity of Walter Gieseking to the craggy splendor of Artur Schnabel and the artful insinuation of Arthur Rubinstein. Serkin's preference, with the total participation of Ormandy, gathered something of all of these, plus details of his own, into a self-profile as the performance progressed.

Musical subtleties abounded in the first movement, especially in some left-hand detail commonly overlooked. The slow movement embodied the hushed reverence appropriate to Beethoven's dialogue, in which the contentious orchestra gradually yields to the persuasive piano. But the finale! Here was joy, refined but unconfined, a bubbling affirmation of sensuous pleasure in music making, in which the rejuvenated Serkin played a game of giants with the orchestra. What they tossed back and forth, however, were not childish toys but such cosmic concepts as beauty, eloquence, and pride in accomplishment.

Ormandy's bridge between the concerti was suspended from a series of the most secure musical towers ever erected—the four movements of the Symphony No. 5 in C minor. He has confronted this challenge from time to time, always with a sense of responsibility to the huge potential for maximum tonal fulfillment latent in his great orchestra. This effort was perhaps the greatest of all, irresistible in its powerful logic, overpowering in the accumulation of triumphant solutions to ensemble problems down to the last sequence of chords. The players responded to such opportunities by proving, once again, that they comprise one of the world's greatest orchestras, when liberated from serving under such questionable recent "guests" as Riccardo Muti and Kazuyoshi Akiyama.

hrase while Walter Legge
midable partnership."

Peter Schaaf

THE LONGTIME artistic collaboration of soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and her husband, Walter Legge, opened a new chapter lately in the Juilliard Theater of Lincoln Center. The primary beneficiary was not the audience, which crowded the thousand seats of the auditorium three times a week, but a group of a dozen or so graduate students of the Juilliard School who were exposed to and benefited from the insights and outspoken comments of these eminent specialists in German lieder and the operas of Mozart.

One could not help recalling a similar scene in the same surroundings when Maria Callas gave her famous series of sessions in 1972–73. Now as then, the professional participants pitched their responses on the highest artistic level (something to which students, no matter how gifted, are rarely exposed), but the tools employed were as different as the materials and the individuals involved. With Callas, the divining rod to truth in operatic performance was guided by sharp intuition and extraordinary artistic perceptions. With Schwarzkopf and Legge, the procedure was deftly surgical, using the scalpel of intellect to separate from the substance of sound presented to them traits of enunciation, phrasing, or formation of vocal line that marred or concealed the composer's purpose. They were equally outspoken in praise when the results merited it.

For such valuable, indeed indispensable, educational purposes, Schwarzkopf–Legge make a formidable partnership. To her long years of supremacy in opera and concert he brings not only productive participation in that artistic outcome but the standards embodied in a treasure trove of recordings (by Beecham, Callas, Gieseking, Karajan, Klemperer, Lipatti, and Schwarzkopf, to name but a nuclear seven) in which he pioneered a standard of consistency and quality previously unknown to this twentieth-century science. What the two artists have to offer could, on the basis of what they have accomplished at the Juilliard, do a world of good to grateful constituents worldwide.

THE RECENT, not wholly unexpected death of Benjamin Britten at sixty-three (he had been kept alive by constant medical attention since severe heart surgery in 1973) was marked by an Associated Press dispatch from England stating that he was "generally regarded as his country's greatest composer since Henry Purcell in the seventeenth century." From that overgenerous "consensus" I, at least, dissent. Britten, in my view, was not even the greatest "English" composer since Victoria and Albert's special favorite, Felix Mendelssohn. There were others to whom Britten would not have ventured to compare himself—Sir Edward Elgar, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Frederick Delius, to mention only three.

This is not because the *Enigma Variations* of the first, or the Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis of the second, or a host of works by the third can be ranked higher on a *world* scale of musical values, but because Britten chose to be esteemed as the best kind of composer he could be on his own. Over a nearly 40-year period, from the Thirties to the Seventies, Britten wrote an astonishing quantity of music, all of it sincere, none of it flamboyant, and some of it capable of striking a deeply responsive chord in a discriminating part of the musical public. In whatever genre—whether in the "vocal chamber music" of his Serenade for tenor, horn, and strings, or in his orchestral works, ranging from *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* to the *Spring Symphony*, or in the substance of *Peter Grimes* and the *War Requiem*, as well as in the fine-grained *Death in Venice*—he held high the impulse by which he was motivated: not to follow fads or fashions but to accomplish the best work of which Benjamin Britten was capable.

The true extent of a composer's accomplishment—the quantity of his work that has staying power—is rarely measurable at the end of his life. If it were, Gustav Mahler would still be a pygmy beside Jean Sibelius. Britten, in my view, was a marvelous embodiment of an all but forgotten human species—a man who lived to compose rather than one who composed to live. He commanded our thoughts for many years: those thoughts are now directed to his lifelong friend and closest interpreter, Peter Pears. ◉

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Dance

Ecole de Ballet, Changeless and Secure

by Walter Terry

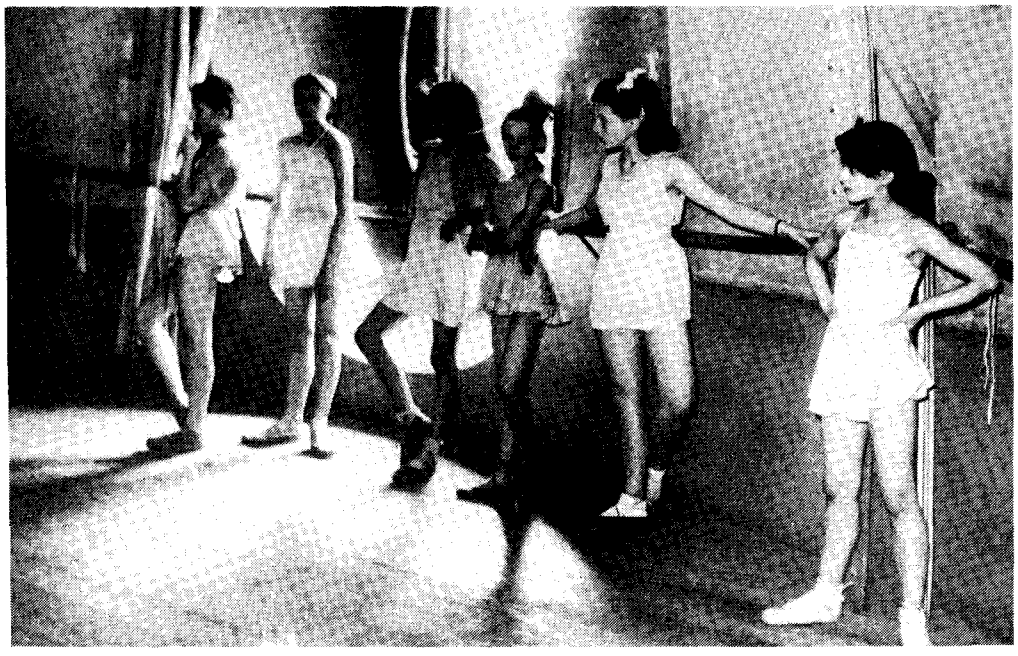
Paris

EMPERORS and kings were not safe in their palaces when revolutions came, but dancers and student dancers of imperial and royal ballets remained safe in their ancient studios. The etiquette of regal courts disappeared, but the aristocratic etiquette of classical ballet survived untouched, and princes continued to live and love and wear their crowns on the stages of "state" or "people's" theaters.

The late Vera Volkova, one of the great teachers of our era (who numbered Fonteyn, Tallchief, Bruhn, and Nureyev among her pupils), told me that as a child, hurrying to ballet class in Petrograd (Leningrad) in the midst of the Russian Revolution, she thought she was simply plowing her way through strikers. The celebrated Russian-American ballerina Alexandra Danilova, whose student days spanned the Imperial-into-Bolshevik period, said that her studies at ballet school remained unchanged except "after czar's time, food terrible." More than a century earlier, Madeleine Guimard, a favorite of kings, princes, and even a bishop, survived the French Revolution because proletariat as well as courtiers could not resist the twinkling feet and, especially, "the interpretive powers" of their favorite.

I have experienced this remarkable, and perhaps most dependable, form of "social security" for the first time in my long dance career just now, here in Paris, as I visited classroom after classroom, seven in all, at the Opéra. It was a curious and strangely comforting feeling I had. There seemed to be no other world, no time span. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow were all one as girls and boys—the children, the budding adolescents, the teen-agers, the stars of ballet—stepped and stretched, glided and leaped, balanced and burst into space on the scrubbed wooden floors (set at the same rake as the vast and elegant Opéra stage itself) in rooms devoid of decor and furnishings except for a piano, the ballet *barre* along the walls, and a chair or stool for the teacher. Yes, it was timeless, almost sacred in a cool sort of way, this dancing ground where serenity and energy met.

At l'Ecole de l'Opéra—"Timeless, almost sacred."



I do not suppose there is a location in the world—not even a bomb shelter—that could be described as a "safe place," but if there is, it is at the top of a narrow, dark staircase in the upper reaches of this most splendid of theaters. Since Louis XIV established the Académie Royale de Danse, the first professional, state-supported ballet school in history, in 1661, French pupils have trudged to classes in a series of buildings that, over the centuries, have fostered (revolutions notwithstanding) the most royal and refined of the arts.

Each year 300 to 400 eight-year-olds audition for acceptance in l'Ecole de l'Opéra. Perhaps 110 are accepted. For the next seven years they are instructed and graded, and those who make it to fifteen are tested for apprenticeship to the company itself. At sixteen, a few are selected as new company members.

Claude Bessy, recently retired as *première danseuse étoile,* now heads the ballet school where she herself began her ballet lessons, at the age of eight, thirty-seven years ago. As blond, as beautiful, and as shapely as she was when she appeared as guest artist with the American Ballet Theatre, Mme. Bessy has increased the studios from four to seven, even converting unused foyers and a space by the dome of the building (where the great crystal chandelier is hauled up for periodic cleaning) into rehearsal areas. To the standard classes in all grades of ballet, in the history of dance, art, music, and the academic three R's, she has added gymnastics as a body-training fundamental.

Mme. Bessy led me to classes for the littlest girls; a class for small boys, already achieving the deportment (but not in the hallways!) of princes; a first class in *pointe*, or toe work, carefully, tenderly taught; and a thrilling rehearsal of a duet from *La Vivandière*, a ballet created in 1844 by Arthur Saint-Léon (choreographer many years later of the great *Coppélia*) for himself and his celebrated ballerina wife, Fanny Cerrito. Under the direction of Pierre Lacotte, who re-created the ballet from the original choreographic notes, the dance descendants of the two stars of the past were rehearsing the old steps and injecting them with the virtuosity of today. As they finished, the panting dancers rested against the worn *barre* shining with the body oils of generations, touching where Cerrito herself might have placed her hand.

From visiting classes and rehearsals at the ballet school, already more than a century old when the Bolshoi Ballet was founded in distant Moscow, I went di-

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rectly to a performance in the dazzling Garnier-designed opera house. Curiously enough, the evening-long ballet spectacle was the Paris Opera Ballet's production of Yuri Grigorovitch's Bolshoi Ballet masterpiece *Ivan the Terrible* (*SR*, January 8). The French company danced it superbly, but with a Gallic touch, as Michael Denard, for example, managed to make the villain Kourbski suave and charming as well as evil, in contrast to the Bolshoi's Maris Liepa and his brilliantly feral, massively strong portrayal.

And here, onstage, an emperor was betrayed, revolution was in the air, and swift and violent changes were imminent, as they have been throughout history as thrones collapsed and societies changed in France and in Russia and elsewhere. But upstairs on the old and seasoned floors, by the sweat-drenched *barre*, the *pliés*, the *ronds de jambe*, the *battements*, went on as they had with La Camargo, the incomparable Taglioni, the Vestris, father and son, Cerrito, right up to seventeen-year-old Patrick Dupond, who won first prize for juniors at the International Ballet Competition at Varna, Bulgaria, last summer (*SR*, September 18, 1976).

When you visit Paris and attend performances of the Opera Ballet, I'm not at all certain that Violette Verdy, its newly appointed director (and the first woman to hold that historic post), or Mme. Bessy can give permission to more than a handful of visitors to go behind the scenes, but the few who do will discover, I believe, what I discovered: that the citadel of ballet, the ballet studio of a state or royal or socialist theater, is impregnable, and those who dwell and labor therein may indeed experience the only security to be found in a changing, troubled world. *Toujours la danse!* ◉

Wit Twister No. 88
Edited by Arthur Swan
The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

Now tingles Gloucester's ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, since in this hour
His doubtful fortune must ascend or drown.
He ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ his princely wards within the Tower
And senses in his ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ great England's crown.

A. S.

The Movies

Out of the Mouths of Admen...

by Judith Crist

It's been a bad season for two stars of feminist cinema. First, Jeanne Moreau came a cropper with *Lumière*, as author, director, and star thereof, manufacturing the kind of cliché-ridden "woman's" film that makes callow men giddy in their raptures and simply suggests that Jacqueline Susann is alive and well and writing in Paris under Moreau's name. And now Elaine May, so promising a directorial talent with *A New Leaf* and *The Heartbreak Kid*, proves with *Mikey and Nicky* that anything John Cassavetes can do she can do more expensively.

Mikey and Nicky, four years and close to $5 million in the making, is a two-character drama that looks like a collection of leftovers from *Husbands*—and not simply because Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, two of the stars of Cassavetes's 1970 film, are on hand to improvise and meander their way through May's script. Reportedly basing her screenplay on a true episode in the Chicago neighborhood of her youth, May has chosen to explore the anatomy of a lifelong friendship gone sour—so sour that one of the boyhood pals is fingering his buddy for a hit man. And she has attempted to do this within the framework of a seemingly endless night that begins with Nicky calling on Mikey for help in escaping the rumored hit and ends in a contrived killing on Mikey's doorstep. In between, through dank, dim, deserted city streets, the two men stop in bars, ride a bus, visit Nicky's mother's grave, see his mistress, and have a fight. Nicky then visits his wife, who has left him, while Mikey reports to his and Nicky's boss, the head of the local numbers racket, and teams up with the hit man to search for Nicky. All roads finally lead to Mikey's suburban doorstep.

During it all, Falk, as Mikey, and Cassavetes, as Nicky, talk about themselves, their families, and their relationship. And what emerges goes far beyond the advice in the ads for the film, which admonish, "Don't expect to like 'em." Before long, as these two actors work their ways through one Actors Studio-type exercise after another, with many an impromptu smirk at their own antics, all thought of liking 'em vanishes. They are loathsome as petty mobsters given to racism, woman abuse, and sentimental slobbery, despicable in their behavior, and, worst of all, boring. Nicky is supposedly the shrewd charmer and Mikey the dumb-slob worm who finally turns against him; but both are so obnoxious that the climactic dramatic moment of ultimate betrayal does little but relieve the tedium they've created. Cagney and Bogey they aren't—and Elaine May is all too obviously out of her genre, let alone depth.

Why so provenly gifted a filmmaker should suddenly turn amateur—riddling her film with dark-scene-and-light-flicker and overloaded-ashtray and cutoff-figure and odd-angle shots so dear to the camera-eye of beginners—is as inexplicable as her total abandonment of the comedic but compassionate vein that has been her hallmark. There is a glimmer of humor in Ned Beatty's portrait of the hit man, a methodical, cost-conscious killer; there is a hint of heartbreak in Carol Grace's worn-looking mistress and Joyce Van Patten's abused wife. A counterman who won't sell the cream without the coffee, a candy-store man worried about sticky fingers on his comic books, an irate bus passenger objecting to smoking, emerge as "bits" rather than as parts of a city-scene fabric, editing-room additions in a carelessly put together work, although May reportedly spent almost three years in culling the finished film, about 10,000 feet long, from the 1.4 million feet she shot. Her long night's tale is as dull, dreary, and unlikable as her stars.

Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor are very likable performers under any circumstances; in *Silver Streak* they are done in by inept direction. In this case it is Arthur Hiller who is slogging along one beat behind the action of the Colin Higgins screenplay. Higgins, author of the delight-

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ful *Harold and Maude*, has come up with a 1940s chase-comedy version of *The Lady Vanishes*, with Wilder a mild-mannered book editor who sees a man's body fall past the window of his compartment —in which he is dallying with a comely fellow passenger—on a train trip from Los Angeles to Chicago. No one believes Wilder, not even the comely Jill Clayburgh, and in no time at all he is enmeshed in assorted intrigues and villainies that involve his being thrown off the train again and again and racing and chasing to get back on. Happily, on one of his side trips he encounters Pryor and there's some solid fun at hand. Their encounter, alas, comes about halfway through the 113-minute movie, and there are some pretty dull stretches fore and aft.

Wilder does relatively well in his first foray into a straight romantic role, although he is at his best when his comic persona emerges in near hysterical ineptitudes. Clayburgh is restricted by a script that gives her a peculiarly passive role. Ned Beatty, this time a federal agent disguised as a lecherous traveling man; Clifton James, again as a singularly dumb red-neck sheriff; Patrick McGoohan, as one of the suavest villains since George Sanders was in flower; and Pryor, supercool and ultra-savvy, all provide bright spots. Throughout, however, there is a nagging consciousness that things should be funnier than they are.

WITH *The Pink Panther Strikes Again* there is a nagging consciousness that one is laughing one's fool head off—from time to time—over the most blatantly obvious contrivances and setups that Blake Edwards has yet devised for his Inspector Clouseau. But laugh one does—and a good feeling it is.

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 75

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 60.*

IYS JYW'O UBHR OY GSCCRZ OY KR B FYRO. BJYPRGARWAR DG RWYSNU GSCCRZDWN CYZ BWIYWR.

—QYUW ADBZJD

Jane Hitchcock in Nickelodeon—
"An enchanting newcomer."

The Edwards–Peter Sellers partnership in bringing Clouseau, that ultimate pratfalling, bungling detective, to screen life began with 1964's *The Pink Panther* and continued through *A Shot in the Dark* that same year and *The Return of The Pink Panther* in 1975 (1968's *Inspector Clouseau*, with Alan Arkin, was a "based on" disaster). This fourth film is certainly the most lavish and the most mechanical. The screenplay, by Frank Waldman and Edwards, involves Clouseau in near Bondian adventures, with Herbert Lom's Dreyfus, the boss he has driven mad, about to destroy the world by way of a doomsday machine in order to get rid of Clouseau. Suffice it to say that along the convoluted way of the tale not a sight gag, *double entendre*, slip, slide, crash, or bang is overlooked, with boggling flights of comedic fancy involving a Quasimodo disguise kit with an inflatable hunch and encounters with a suit of armor, laughing gas, a castle moat, a drag queen, and a huge assortment of other odd characters, chief among them recent inhabitants of the Oval Office.

By now Sellers's unique French accent is a bit strained, and Edwards's inventions are a bit familiar. But star and director are still the masters of their art and will make you laugh in spite of yourself. Richard Williams's animation and titles, involving that suave pink panther and a cartooned Clouseau, are better than ever.

PETER BOGDANOVICH is back in the fine form he was developing and had perfected with *Paper Moon* and *What's Up, Doc?* before his lapses with *Daisy Miller* and *At Long Last Love*. With *Nickelodeon*, an affectionate and funny film about the pre-World War I pioneering days of silent movies, he captures both the facts and the fancies of movie history in a charming "slapstick drama."

With a screenplay written with W. D. Richter, Bogdanovich has concocted a tale about the men and women who became involved with movies by figurative and literal accident in the days when the big producers had formed the Patents Company to drive the independents out of business. On hand are Ryan O'Neal as a timid lawyer who becomes a scenario writer and a director; Burt Reynolds as an alligator-wrangler who becomes a Patents Company strong-arm man and then a cowboy star; and Jane Hitchcock—an enchanting newcomer—as a nearsighted, accident-prone lovely who literally rises to stardom. Their professional and romantic adventures are all part of movie lore, recounted in high period style as attractive as it is authentic. There are minor sags and some redundancies along the way, but the film is warmed by Bogdanovich's love for his medium and sparked by his nostalgic laughter.

Voyage of the Damned, based on the book by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan-Witts, is in itself a typical Grand-Hotel-at-sea spectacular, replete with an international star cast to embody a complete assortment of stereotypes. But it has history going for it. In 1939, 937 German Jews, officially sailing to Cuba with visas, became men, women, and children without a country, shipboard hostages in a propaganda–intelligence-gathering scheme of Goebbels. The film's re-creation of this shameful international episode is given truth by a lavishly detailed production. And thanks to a number of performers, if not to Stuart Rosenberg's pedestrian direction and the unsubtle Steve Shagan-David Butler screenplay, it carries a strong emotional impact most of the way and in its documented conclusion.

The memorable moments are contributed by Max von Sydow, as the non-Nazi German captain of the ship; Faye Dunaway, as a professor's wife (although Oskar Werner, as the professor, is strangely without character); Katharine Ross, as a prostitute; Maria Schell and Nehemiah Persoff, as her parents; Jose Ferrer, as a corrupt Cuban official; and, as passengers, Lee Grant, Julie Harris, and Wendy Hiller. Their performances—and the shocking reminder of pre–World War II attitudes toward refugees—make the film worthwhile. ◉

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Television

The Albion Factor in Public Broadcasting

by Karl E. Meyer

IT'S BEEN a long wait for *The Pallisers*, a 22-part adaptation of Anthony Trollope's magnificent chronicle of life upstairs in Victorian England. Originally shown on BBC some three years ago, *The Pallisers* has languished in limbo chiefly because our public broadcasters feared the series was too long, too slow-paced, and too *raffiné* for the uncultivated American palate.

My bet is that this apprehension is baseless and that *The Pallisers* will prove a surprise success on public television, as did *The Forsyte Saga* nearly a decade ago. If anything, the series is better than *The Forsyte Saga*, just as Trollope is a superior novelist to Galsworthy. A technical fact reflects artistic truth—the Forsytes were filmed in black and white, and the Pallisers are in impeccable color.

The script, written by Simon Raven, performs miracles in translating the meandering plot of six novels, set in the period 1860–85, into a seamless tapestry. As always in BBC productions, the acting is nearly faultless, at least in the three episodes I saw. To single out one character, let me say simply that Susan Hampshire, the perfect Fleur Forsyte, reappears here as the matchless Lady Glencora, Trollope's own favorite among all his fictional heroines.

In any event, thanks to a grant from Prudential Insurance, we will at last be able to see *The Pallisers*, beginning Monday, January 31, at 8:00 P.M. on most public-television stations. The host for the series is John Gielgud, whose commentary will cast light on political references that are remote only in time—in fact, the parliamentary machinations that Trollope depicts will seem familiar to anyone who followed President Carter's pre-inaugural Cabinet-making. As perhaps the greatest work on politics in English fiction, *The Pallisers* is making its debut at precisely the right moment.

Susan Hampshire—"Reappears as the matchless Lady Glencora."

QUITE by accident, Trollope will premiere on television in the midst of the latest squall in Anglo-American relations. This is a family infirmity—the novelist's mother, Frances Trollope, was notorious as the author of *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832), which was reviled with particular warmth because its unflattering truths struck home.

This time, the quarrel concerns a $1.2 million grant made by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) toward an ambitious six-year BBC project to film all 36 plays by Shakespeare. According to the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), the grant is "a raid on the federal treasury" and "a betrayal of American artists."

I am not alone in fearing that language like that may obliterate the nuances in a complex dispute. Up to a point, AFTRA has a point. In effect, we are tardily paying a price for one of the least publicized mistakes of the Nixon administration—the creation of a divisive, presidentially appointed CPB, intended to stultify the growth of a centrally administered public-television system.

The CPB is a spigot for federal funding. It works in uneasy alliance with the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS), a parallel organization of all nonprofit television stations. The result, as Nixon surely foresaw, is a two-headed beast resembling the Pushme-Pullyu in the Doctor Dolittle stories, with each head tugging in a different direction.

While PBS has nothing against Shakespeare or the BBC, its program executives do feel that precious federal moneys should be spent on stimulating American talent, as in the *Visions* series of original television dramas. With some warrant, PBS believes that CPB reneged on a commitment to underwrite a third season of *Visions*, while committing money to a wholly uncontroversial BBC Shakespeare series that could as well be funded by corporate patrons.

I wholeheartedly agree. What worries me is that the imp of jingoism may be released from the bottle, and that by the time Congress debates the matter, we may be arguing about the Albion factor on public television, a distinctly different issue.

A little perspective is in order. The BBC spends 10 times as much for American television programs as we pay for BBC products. Moreover, by explicit decree, the BBC limits all programming from foreign sources to 13 percent of total programming—roughly the same proportion of foreign programming as on our own public stations. In other words, the purchase of alien talent is a two-way street, and there are as many Americans on British television as vice versa.

A final point is made by *The Pallisers*. It is a disgraceful and shaming truth that American television—commercial or noncommercial—has not been able to mount a single series of comparable quality. Without the BBC, without Albion, we would be impoverished and would lack even a yardstick to suggest what we were missing. The sad fact is that American public television, as presently constituted, is fatally hobbled by its equivocal bureaucratic structure.

President Carter, please note. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 114

Hannah Kahn:
The Time of Snow

My mother was lonely.
I think of it now
when the wind is soft
and a lavender bough
of lilac touches
my face as I pass
and the sky sends shadows
over the grass.

Strange that it took me
so long to know
that my mother welcomed
the time of snow.

From Hannah Kahn: *Eve's Daughter*

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The Other Side

Beaubourg: A Model or a Portent

by Roy McMullen

Paris

AMID bravos and boos, the much-awaited Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou is at last about to open its doors in Paris. The new institution, commonly referred to as the Centre Beaubourg because of the name of the square it occupies, was worth a wait. It is the only major museum that has been created in Europe since the war. (Mies van der Rohe's Berlin Nationalgalerie, inaugurated in 1968, is a re-creation.) It's big and bold. And it's a fine testing machine for a lot of aesthetic, cultural, social, and political sentiments. Tell me how you feel about Beaubourg, and I'll tell you who you are.

Some of the terms Parisians have found for their sentiments have a limited relevance. A derisive allusion to the museum as "le Pompidoleum," for instance, is apt to be funnier on the Right Bank than in Shaker Heights. Looming behind the language, however, are issues that are by no means just local. Several of them, in fact, are becoming troublesomely familiar to Americans as the United States moves further and further out of its comfortable old era of largely private, philanthropic, elitist support for the arts and deeper into a still foggy, possibly rather Gallic future of centralized, government-subsidized, ostensibly democratic Big Culture. A foreigner can see in Beaubourg a model or a portent, according to his politico-cultural stance.

Actually, the center is much more than a museum in the usual, inert sense of the word. It's a lively state-owned complex in which a painting-and-sculpture gallery, the Musée National d'Art Moderne (MNAM if you can pronounce it), is merely one of four main elements. The other three are the Bibliothèque Publique d'Information (BPI), which partly remedies the scandalous scarcity of really public libraries in Paris; the Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique/Musique (IRCAM), which studies, invents, and promotes new music with the help of science and technology; and the Centre de Création Industrielle (CCI), which investigates and tries to improve industrial design, architecture, town planning, and visual communications. A theater, a film library, audio-visual gadgets, and special events complete a nearly total coverage of the modern arts.

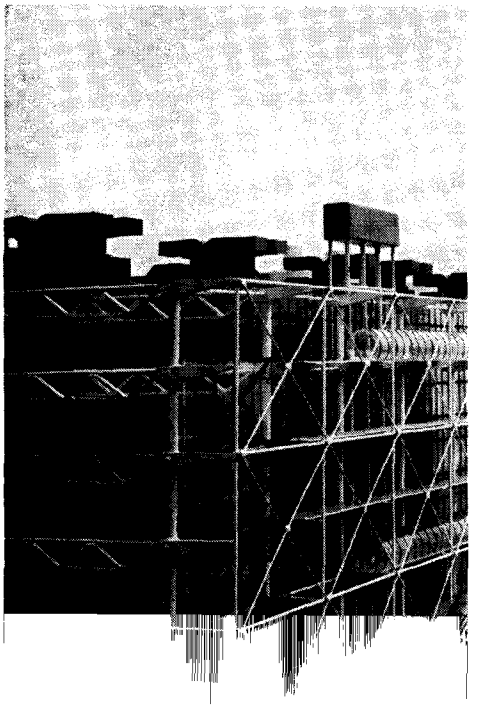
The emphases are interdisciplinary, didactic, festive, and mass-oriented. The BPI, MNAM, IRCAM, and the CCI are supposed to proceed hand in hand, like the Muses dancing on Parnassus. Curators function not only as caretakers and scholars but also as pedagogues and animators. Pierre Boulez, who has given up his full-time conducting career to become director of IRCAM, has announced that the development of new musical teaching methods will be one of the most important aspects of his job. The art gallery and the library are staying open until ten in the evening, mostly for the benefit of working people. None of this, however, is at all solemn. There is a come-on-in, fairground atmosphere, which may owe something to the fact that Robert Bordaz, the center's president for its period of realization, made his mark partly as a radio-television executive and partly as the commissioner for the French section of the Montreal Expo 67.

THERE is also an international atmosphere. Although one of the undisguised reasons for Beaubourg is to bolster the sagging prestige of Paris as an art capital, the Pompidou administration decided at the start that flag-waving would be exactly the wrong approach. The architects, chosen by a nine-man, six-nation jury after a worldwide competition that attracted 681 projects (all presented anonymously to the jurymen), are a thirty-nine-year-old Italian, Renzo Piano, and his forty-three-year-old English partner, Richard Rogers, neither of them known to the lay public before the competition. They have had noteworthy assistance from a British engineering firm, Ove Arup and Partners. The center's director for the visual arts is a Swede, Pontus Hulten, who made a brilliant record as an innovating curator and animator at the Stockholm Moderna Museet. Among Boulez's principal lieutenants at IRCAM are the composers Luciano Berio, Vinko Globokar, and Gerald Bennett; an Italian, a Yugoslav, and an American, respectively.

The same avoidance of chauvinism is evident in Beaubourg's activities. The CCI is paying close attention to foreign industrial designers and architects, including the offbeat, countercultural ones. And IRCAM has under way a year-long festival of twentieth-century music in which foreign composers and performers are the lions. Hulten is doing his best to build up MNAM's embarrassingly weak collection of foreign paintings and sculptures, particularly American abstract and pop. The main show of the year, scheduled to open in May, will be a multi-art Franco-American affair entitled "Paris–New York–Paris." This will be followed, at an unannounced date, by a hands-across-the-Continent exhibition evoking the links between Paris and eastern European, especially Russian, artists and intellectuals.

The building? I have delayed getting around to it because to judge it, as many people have, without first considering what is being sheltered is like forgetting that Notre Dame is a church. But that is not to imply that what Piano and Rogers

The Centre Beaubourg (model)–



Roy McMullen reports regularly on cultural affairs from Paris. His most recent book is Mona Lisa: The Picture and the Myth.

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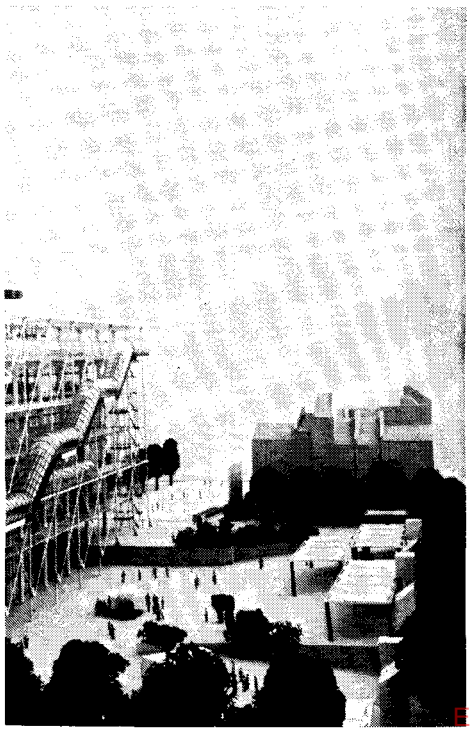
have designed contains even a smidgeon of symbolism, historicism, or expressionism. It cannot be "read" by an uninformed passerby as a museum. Nothing could be further from the neoclassical temples and pseudo-Renaissance palaces favored by nineteenth-century museologists. Nothing could be further either from the arbitrary indulgence in the sculpturesque exhibited by Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim snail.

Not since the completion of the Eiffel Tower in 1889 has there been such a ruction over an addition to the Paris skyline. And the Beaubourg structure can be thought of as the tower's horizontal, burly grandchild. It's a rectangular, transparent, six-story, steel-and-glass space frame that spans an area of about two football fields. The beams, struts, and other structural elements are as visible as scaffolding, or as Gothic ribs and buttresses, although serving a different engineering purpose. Gustave Eiffel would have loved them. Zigzagging across one facade, like a metal cascade, is an immense, covered escalator that gives direct access to upper floors and to a roof restaurant. (The view alone is worth the trip.) Also attached to the outside of the structural grille are elevators, gantries, power ducts, air shafts, and other service elements. All of these clipped-on diagonals, funnels, flues, cubes, and tubes are painted in bright blues, reds, greens, and yellows that stand out vividly and innocently, like a gargantuan kindergarten display, against the dominant icy glitter. Fernand Léger would have loved them.

Much more than a museum."

Bernard Vincent



There is an assigned zone for each of the Beaubourg components except for IRCAM, which by next June will have a separate underground headquarters. The system of construction, however, makes the interior a column-free, flexible environment, a place where actually anything the user wants can happen. Hence, to talk of functionalism doesn't get you very far. The building is essentially a general community machine, an anonymous—although handsome and exciting—urban shed with no predetermined function except that of being what Piano and Rogers call "a participatory space." They want people of all sorts, "the specialists and the amateurs," to walk in and, with the help of the animators and the equipment (which includes an impressive array of computers), to invent their own cultural center.

The "participatory space" extends into a large, amphitheatric plaza that slopes toward the main, escalator facade like the great scallop-shaped Piazza del Campo in Siena. Here, when the present wintry windiness yields to a suitable Tuscan mildness, Parisians will be able to stroll and loaf without fear of being run down by a Renault; and an assortment of power outlets will make possible anything from a Tinguely machine to a small circus. Beyond the plaza, two smaller squares and a network of a dozen block-long streets are also reserved for pedestrians. Since the neighborhood is served by four Metro stations, coming to it by car is even more foolish than driving in Paris in general.

Is this report beginning to sound too favorable? Well, if you like modern art and believe in the possibility of a democratic culture, Beaubourg is an occasion for rallying to the cause without any carping that could aid and comfort the enemy. There are, however, aspects to worry about. For instance, although the center is not as visible as the new Montparnasse skyscraper or the Eiffel Tower (where Maupassant used to frequent the restaurant because, he explained, that was the only place in town from which one couldn't see the thing), its insertion in the Paris communal fabric has been an undeniable shock.

The Beaubourg section is a small, ill-defined zone across the Seine from the Latin Quarter. Aside from the Gothic church of Saint Merri and a very occasional later facade or doorway, the zone is utterly lacking in architectural distinction. Its Second Empire buildings (in style if not always in fact) do have, however, a sort of dingy, low-profiled unity, and the gaudy, shiny monument erected by Piano and Rogers is an extremely noticeable intrusion, a twenty-first-century Triton among the nineteenth-century minnows that inhabitants of the quarter refer to as "the oil refinery," or simply "the monster."

THERE have also been rising protests from politicians and cultural experts. These were seldom heard while the building was going up and Pompidou was still alive. But now the dream is a reality, the bills are coming in, and the consequences for national policy are appearing. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has almost none of his predecessor's interest in modern art; and a new, partly unknown factor has materialized in the alert, subtle form of Mme. Françoise Giroud, who last fall gave up her cabinet post concerned with women's rights and became state secretary for cultural affairs. Although she has eloquently described the Centre Beaubourg as "a symbol of modernity, a factory for dreams," she has alarmed its supporters by remarking that, financially speaking, "it poses a problem that must be solved."

She is not alone in her awareness of the problem. The cost of building Beaubourg was nearly a billion francs (about $200 million), which seems enormous to Frenchmen in whom the economic euphoria of the Sixties has become the chronic vaporishness of the Seventies. Even worse, to many minds, is the cost of running the center, which for this year is 130 million francs ($26 million) and which will certainly be higher next year, like everything else in Paris. Here some of the complaining can be dismissed as merely the usual tendency, long familiar to American curators and university presidents, to spend a fortune on the plant and then balk at paying the light bill and the janitor's salary. Critics of Beaubourg feel, however, that it's too expensive not only absolutely but also relatively. It will impoverish, they fear, many other French cultural institutions.

Art historian Germain Bazin, writing in *Le Monde* before the opening of the center, furiously dramatized the fear: "Sound the trumpets, beat the drums that announce the new spectacle. Sound them loudly, so that we may cease to perceive the lugubrious squeaking of the doors of the Louvre as they are being closed."

The situation is not quite that bad. But the Louvre, along with some other French public galleries, does have to close a few departments in rotation because it cannot

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Françoise Giroud—"Infinite needs with limited resources."

L'Express/Jean-Regis Roustan

Jean-Philippe Reverdot

Pontus Hulten—"An innovating curator and animator."

afford to hire enough guards. It's true, too, that across the country there is a myriad of cultural objects, from leaky châteaus to hungry writers, pathetically hurting for funds. Meanwhile, what Bazin calls "this museological Concorde," with its fancy equipment, its roughly 1,000 employees, and its right to stay open in the evening, is absorbing more money than 30 sizable national museums put together, the Louvre and Versailles included. In fact, it is eating up a whopping 14 percent of the total annual state budget for culture.

The complaint that Beaubourg is an appropriations glutton is sometimes coupled with a charge that it is one more example of the government's egregious *parisianisme*—of the disposition, that is, to favor the capital to the detriment of the rest of the nation. Here the cultural-policy issue is what Americans are getting to know, with acerbity, as that of the big cities versus the boondocks. But in France the issue has an extra capacity for generating sourness, partly because Paris is the only really big city in the country and partly because of a rankling history that goes all the way back to the Revolution, when the centralizing Jacobin extremists of Paris triumphed over the provincial Girondins. And it's no use pretending that Beaubourg is not another Jacobin victory. There is nothing comparable in the provinces. Added to the other large Paris institutions (notably including the Opéra, which also costs 130 million francs a year), the new center means that henceforth the city will be getting nearly half the funds voted by the National Assembly for the arts.

But again a pro-Beaubourg man has answers. The charge of unfairness can remind him, with allowance for differences in scale and seriousness, of what might be called the Bangladesh-Apollo fallacy. If we had not spent so much money on spacecraft, would we have sent more food to Asians? No, we would simply never have reached the moon. If Beaubourg did not exist, would the Louvre have more guards and provincial La Charité-sur-Loire a splendid new museum? No, the minds of politicians, French deputies included, do not work that way. There would be a cultural loss with no compensating gain. Critics who argue otherwise are open to the suspicion of piously covering a lack of sympathy with what Beaubourg is trying to do.

Another reply to budget-based objections is that a certain concentration of means and a certain bigness are essential if the aims of the new undertaking are to have any chance of being achieved. One cannot imagine the composers, performers, scientists, and technicians of IRCAM functioning in the desired interdisciplinary way without getting together under one roof; nor a provincial MNAM organizing transatlantic and transcontinental exhibitions; nor the flexible, fluid space of Piano and Rogers attracting 10,000 visitors a day in La Charité-sur-Loire. Beaubourg, you might say, is gluttonous and unfair by definition.

But of course the best reply is that "the monster" only seems to be gluttonous and unfair. The real trouble is that the French government and French taxpayers are unwilling to put up the money for the immense number of cultural institutions and activities, some recently created and others inherited from a prestigious past —they have decided they ought to have. Art patronage has been ambitiously socialized, centralized, Jacobinized—and very inadequately subsidized. State Secretary Giroud, during a debate in the National Assembly a few weeks ago, remarked that she faces "infinite needs with limited resources." And she does indeed: her 1977 budget for cultural affairs adds up to a microscopic 0.51 percent of the national budget. (The military is getting 40 times as much.) She merits compassion; she must find francs for music, museums, ballet, libraries, films, the theater, some 30,000 monuments officially designated as historic, and some 55 square kilometers of medieval stained glass threatened by atmospheric pollution. When, however, the pie is as small as it is, to maintain that Beaubourg is being given too big a slice is to confuse the issue.

So far, in spite of Giroud's rather menacing allusions to "a problem" and in spite of Giscard's menacing lukewarmness, enemies of the center have made more fuss than headway. There has been some trimming of expenses, but none of the cuts has been disabling, and most of them may be eliminated by a decision of the Paris municipal council to contribute a few million francs. (The city is already helping to subsidize the Opéra, partly to take some of the sting out of the attacks on *parisianisme*.) One reason for the situation is that to torpedo such a costly enterprise right at the start would be an obvious folly. Another reason is political: many Gaullists regard Beaubourg as a monument to the memory of Pompidou, and many Socialists and Communists regard it as a worthwhile experiment in cultural democracy.

Still another reason is commercial. At this point one cannot safely talk about the resurgence of Paris as an art capital; but there are important signs of a change, all clearly linked to the possibility, or the hope, that Beaubourg will become the hub of a European network of traders in modern painting and sculpture. More than 30 galleries, some of them deserters from the Left Bank or the Champs-Elysées neighborhoods, have installed themselves in the streets around the cultural center, and new ones are appearing nearly every week. Auctions of modern art in Paris have become noticeably more international. At the art dealers' fair in the city last fall, 54 foreign galleries, including 20 from the United States, had stands.

In short, there are many people who feel that Beaubourg simply must work. Will it? The answer will not be available right away, for it will depend on how the customers eventually respond to the machine invented by Piano and Rogers. But the directors of the enterprise, and Giroud in her period-style offices in the nearby Palais Royal, can remind themselves of a precedent by looking over at the vast hole that was formerly Les Halles. Here the old market pavilions were left functionless during the months after the departure of the meat wholesalers and before the stupid arrival of the demolition crews; and these anonymous urban sheds were transformed by ordinary Parisians into an improvised cultural center, a participatory space. There were painting shows, architectural shows, plays, concerts, a circus, sculpture with children clambering over it, and even a vanguard of art dealers. Ironically, there was a Beaubourg before Beaubourg, and it worked. ◉

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Nuclear Energy *from page 12*

warns. "In six months our economy would just go to pieces."

Third, in Westinghouse's view, despite the enormous nuclear-industry cost increases of the past decade, nuclear power is far less expensive than the alternatives. Simpson says "exotic" sources, such as solar energy, are far too costly even to take seriously. That leaves only coal and uranium to fill the growing energy gap. Coal, Westinghouse concedes, can be far more economical in states such as Wyoming, Nebraska, and New Mexico, which are located near the West's low-sulfur coal beds. But elsewhere in the country, it estimates, a nuclear plant completed by 1985 would produce savings ranging from 13 percent in the Midwest to 29 percent in the Northeast.

Costs should not escalate as sharply in the future, says Westinghouse, because the past increases were due mainly to particularly high construction-industry inflation rates, which it does not see returning, and to regulatory delays, which, it predicts somewhat wishfully, will taper off.

As for the view that the industry would be flat on its back without billions of dollars of federal subsidies, Westinghouse argues that today any new highly technological and capital-intensive industry must turn to the government for support. "Look at the aircraft and computer industries," says George Hardigg, who heads Westinghouse's nuclear-research program, citing two industries that were launched with government funds.

Finally, Westinghouse passionately argues that increasing the supply of energy is vital for civilization. Historically, says Simpson, advances in energy consumption and growth in national product have gone hand in hand. Electric power, he says, is not a "convenience or a luxury" but a "necessity." Even after conservation is taken into account, the nation's total energy supply must grow at nearly 3 percent annually and electricity consumption must expand at 6 percent for jobs to be created and for economic growth to continue. "Unless the total pie is bigger, the guy at the bottom is going to get caught short," says Simpson. To pull in the reins now, he warns, would "paralyze our society" and be a "guarantee of disaster."

In other parts of the world, Simpson maintains, the need for nuclear power is even greater. "The unfortunate fact," he says, "is that more than half the people on this earth live in conditions so deplorable that most of the other half simply cannot comprehend them." For these people, nuclear power holds the promise of spurring the economic development that will someday liberate them from poverty. The critics of nuclear power simply do not perceive this, says Simpson. "It is the poor throughout the United States and the world who will suffer from their elitism."

As the controversy continues it becomes increasingly clear that the opponents of nuclear power are separated from its supporters by far more than a different set of facts about the safety or economics of nuclear power. The critics see Westinghouse executives like Simpson, with his generous salary, three-story suburban home, and affluent life-style (he owns three vacation retreats and, until recently, a 55-foot twin-engine Hatteras cruiser), as masters of a business-dominated society that, instead of simply serving the needs of the consumer, creates a consumption ethic that is leading the nation into a Faustian pact that can never be rescinded.

They view Westinghouse's art-filled headquarters as another outpost of an increasingly powerful and—as Lockheed, Gulf Oil, and a host of smaller scandals have demonstrated—corrupt corporate complex that values power and profits far more highly than integrity and honesty, and whose pious concern for the poor is no more than self-serving hypocrisy.

And they warn that human beings are fallible, so why should any small group of men be entrusted with an unforgiving technology that could, through human error, bring death and destruction to the world.

But Westinghouse executives like Simpson, now sixty-two, look back on lives in which the huge generating plants they built brought low-cost energy to millions of Americans, helping to liberate them from demeaning work and introducing them to the comforts of middle-class life. They see the critics as the naïve progeny of a pampered middle class who have never endured a freezing flat or unlighted farmhouse. Some, they hint, have found their work remunerative. Others, they believe, do it to gratify their egos. Still others, such as Barry Commoner, Paul Ehrlich, and Margaret Mead, they believe, are using the fears that naturally accompany the introduction of a new technology to attack the present economic and political order and to advocate a society based on centralized government planning rather than on individual enterprise. They feel that the critics are naysayers, faultfinders, and negativists who demand the impossible—perfection—when man is incapable of perfection.

The controversy over nuclear power has, indeed, overflowed the confines of technical arguments over safety and economics and extended into a far-reaching debate about the society that lies ahead and the economic and political institutions that will govern it. It is a classic confrontation that will shape the future of the world. And Westinghouse will be right smack in the middle of it. ◉

"When it comes to Florida, Hersholt goes ape."

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World Progress Report

The Iceberg Cometh

It is no trick for a Saudi Arabian to drill a hole in the desert and strike oil; the hard thing is to find ordinary drinking water to keep crops and people from parching to death in the sunbaked sand. Driven by the threat of thirst and encouraged by their oil income, the Saudis are considering a long-distance water-diversion project that would gladden the technological heart of Buck Rogers. The idea is to latch onto an iceberg in Antarctica, tow it through the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, and moor it off the port of Jidda, where it will slowly melt into cool, clear water for drinking and irrigation.

The first test of the Saudi proposal, currently being studied by Cicero, a French engineering company, would involve an 85-million-ton iceberg and would cost $90 million. The engineers estimate that after a 5,000-mile voyage, lasting from six months to a year, the iceberg would yield 68 million tons of pure water at half the cost of desalinated seawater.

During the voyage, to keep the ice from melting under the heat coming from friction and the sun, the berg would be wrapped in an 18-inch-thick plastic sheet. As many as six powerful tugboats, of the type used to haul oil-drilling platforms, would tow the giant ice cube at a cruising speed of one knot.

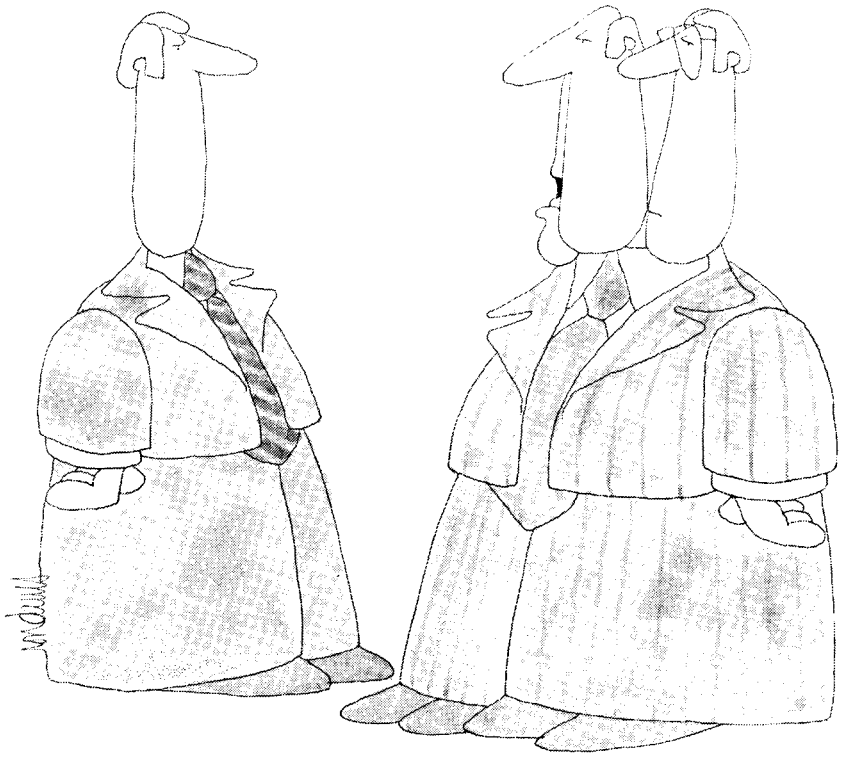
In order to pass the payload through the entrance to the Red Sea, where the water is only 120 feet deep, the engineers propose to cut the 750-foot-deep iceberg into one-million-ton slices. At Jidda, the mini-bergs would melt for 18 months, forming floating lakes of fresh ice water to be pumped into onshore reservoirs for distribution. The French engineers say that if their study indicates the project is feasible, they can begin moving the first iceberg by the end of the year.

E Is for Economics

During the recent election campaign, no single issue was talked about more or understood less than economics, of which even most purportedly sophisticated Americans remain determinedly innocent. An American student can easily go all the way from nursery school through graduate school without so much as a nod to the notions of inflation, supply and demand, scarcity, capital, interest, or any of the basic concepts of the "dismal science."

In an effort to end this grave economic illiteracy, the school systems of California and Utah are planning to introduce basic economics at the kindergarten level next fall. During one semester, for 30 minutes a day, the tots will learn basic economics in terms of common classroom situations. The concept of scarcity, for example, will be introduced when there are not enough crayons or other supplies to go around. The arcane idea of "opportunity cost" will be illustrated by offering the children a choice of activities or projects and then asking them what they "lost" by electing one over the others.

Once they are armed with the basic concepts, the children will proceed to more complex economic affairs, including starting and running their own mock businesses. The major problem the curriculum planners anticipate in introducing the course, according to *The New York Times*, is not that the children won't be able to grasp the economics but that the teachers won't have enough background in the subject to teach it.



"My client and I are currently involved in a large suit!"

A Yen for Conservation

Japan has a lot of people and few natural resources: its economic survival depends entirely on a favorable balance of trade. It is of no small concern to the Japanese, therefore, that in recent years raw materials have been imported at a volume of 500 million tons a year, while only 50 million tons—one-tenth as much—of merchandise has been exported. A lot of the difference is going to waste.

To remedy the situation, the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry is writing legislation to make the recycling of waste materials compulsory for mining and manufacturing industries as well as for communities. The bill, which will reach the Diet this year, will include a five-year timetable for the attainment of recycling goals set for each affected sector of the economy.

Sorry, Wrong Good Guys

An October 16 "World Progress Report" on the American Land Trust—an innovative Bicentennial plan to save significant wild areas in the United States from degradation—inadvertently credited the wrong conservation organization as the sponsor. To set the record straight: the American Land Trust is administered by the Nature Conservancy, which specializes in acquiring, by gift or purchase, land of extraordinary ecological or aesthetic value for eventual conveyance to appropriate public conservation agencies. The Conservation Foundation, erroneously credited, should properly be recognized as an organization devoted to research and education. —ANTHONY WOLFF

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Top of My Head

Annual Checkup

by Goodman Ace

THE telephone awakened me. I reached for the receiver, cradled it on the pillow next to my ear, looked closely at the clock—7:15 A.M.—and waited vainly for whomever to speak. Finally, I said in my usual cheery 7:15 A.M. voice, "Ve have vays of making you talk, you know."

He said, "Hello, this is Shrdlu, Shrdlu, Shrdlu." It was one of those complicated three-name names, and he was either off mike or he hadn't yet learned to pronounce it.

"Will you run that by me again, slowly?" I said.

He did, and the face of an acquaintance out of the past fluttered murkily across my mind's eye. It was the type of face of which G. Marx once said, "I never forget a face, but in your case I'm willing to make an exception."

"I'm now living in Miami, two-three years," he continued. "I'm in town for the day, thought I'd check in. I haven't heard or seen from you in two-three years."

"I haven't seen from you either," I said.

"What are you doing now?" he said.

"Now? Now I'm into this phone call to you at 7:17 A.M."

"No, I mean writingwise. What's your occupation now?"

"Housewife," I said.

He laughed. "What do you mean 'housewife'?"

"I've learned to make coffee, toast, and scrambled eggs, etc."

"What's that etc.?"

"Like I just told you—etc.—eggs, toast, and coffee."

"Still the same old kidder," he laughed. "How's Jane?"

(. . . the wrench . . . the stab . . . after two years and two months . . . and one day . . . the sudden question . . . the sudden pang . . . how's Jane . . . what do you say . . . why can't I verbalize the simple, two-word, parsable answer? . . . emotionally, the pain persists . . intellectually I know she is released from deep suffering . how's Jane? . . .)

"Jane is fine now," I replied.

"Good," he said. "And how you feeling?"

That was his big mistake. A captive audience. Most people asking how I feel take a walk before I get to the first comma.

"Okay, I'll tell you exactly how I'm feeling today at exactly 7:19 A.M. But first, since you haven't seen from me in two-three years, let's go back in time to 1975 when I had my first operation. You wouldn't know me if you saw me today without my gallbladder. I had it done at my neighborhood hospital, about fourteen stones' throw from where I live."

"Well, that's not such a serious operation," he said.

"Other people's operations are never serious, only your own," I said. "I can still recall the first day they let me sit up. I felt faint, and two high-spirited nurses rushed in with high-spirited ammonia and began slapping my cheeks to revive their bloom.

"During which, a lad in a leather jacket and cap to match came in and peered at me underneath the nurses' hands and asked if I wanted to rent the TV set by the day or week. I muttered, 'Later.' He went on to say it's cheaper by the week and added that he would be back to see me tomorrow, okay? I said, 'If I'm here.' He said, 'I've seen 'em all come and go.' Needless to tell you, I didn't go.

"Now, this past year I began getting cards from my eye man telling me I hadn't been in to see him in several months, and I should come in for a check of my right eye. I wrote him I'd come to his office as soon as I could see my way clear. He phoned to say I better come in right away.

"After examining my right eye, he gave it as his opinion that I see a specialist, which I did, and the specialist told me my right eye had a bad case of epithelial corneal dystrophy O.D. . . . He suggested an operation which involved penetrating keraplostra 8.0 mm with peripheral iridectomy O.D. Translated: corneal transplant.

"Now, six months later, I can report to you that my right eye is improving slowly, but my left eye is something else. It's out to lunch, taking five, or on hold. Or, as the specialist put it in Basic English, cataract. That gala won't be produced until this spring. You'll come, won't you?

"Oh, I'm not worried about it. At this stage of my life, I grope and I cope and by some strange mystique I am content and at peace. I've made elaborate plans for other anatomical shortfalls. At the drugstore I order only the small tube of toothpaste, I subscribe to a magazine for only thirteen weeks, and I never buy any long-playing records.

"I've even left instructions when the inevitable happens that someone slip into the inside pocket of my jacket a sheaf of American Express travelers' cheques. . . I never leave home without them. That's one way of taking it with you, isn't it . . . ? Isn't it. . . ? Hello. . . . Hello. . . ?" ◉

"Read it again, only this time with more emphasis on character development and less on plot mechanics."

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

What's So Bad About Being Bashful?

by Cleveland Amory

In a recent survey, 82 percent of American high school and college students felt they were, and we quote, "disturbingly shy." Furthermore, 42 percent felt that shyness was, and we quote again, "a personality defect." Well, two psychologists, Gordon and Sharon Bower, decided to do something about all this shyness, and they've come up with a book called *Assert Yourself*. And it is nothing if not, well, assertive.

"If another person disagrees with you," the Bowers suggest, "you just reply, 'That's the way I feel, and I don't have to justify everything I say. If justifying is so important to you, you might try justifying why you are disagreeing with me so much.'" Boy, that's sure to cure somebody's shyness, all right, even if it's the other guy's.

The "other person" in *Assert Yourself*, incidentally, is called "the downer." "The downer," the Bowers say, "can be a demanding child, an overweening parent, a noisy neighbor, a ridiculing friend, or an overly dependent employee." An overly dependent employee! Gee, we sure wouldn't trifle with him! He may be the last of his kind!

Finally, for the very shy male, the Drs. Bower have come up with an 11-step way to—get this—telephone a woman for a date. Here it is:

1. In my room, thinking about telephoning Sally for a date. Remaining calm.
2. I pick up my script to use in asking Sally for a date. Keeping calm.
3. I walk over to the telephone and sit down comfortably. Remaining relaxed.
4. I lift the receiver and hear the dial tone. Staying calm.
5. I dial the number and hear her telephone ringing. Breathing freely, relaxed.
6. She lifts the receiver and I hear her saying hello. Staying calm.
7. I say hello and identify myself, using my prepared script. Keeping relaxed.
8. I ask Sally for a date. Staying unafraid.
9. She says she's busy that evening. Remaining calm and relaxed.
10. I ask her for the alternate date, as planned. Keeping calm.
11. Sally accepts delightedly.

Personally, we think Sally has rocks in her head.

Doctor's Dilemma Dept.—as found by Regina Lugris of Trumbull, Conn., in the *Bridgeport Post*:

Dear Dr. Steincrohn:

I used to enjoy dipping into our community pool. But now I have become too self-conscious about the size of my breasts. I'm a 53-year-old male. They are so large I hate to be seen by other men.

Am I silly to think about plastic surgery? How about taking hormones?

COMMENT: How is your weight? If you're overweight, it's possible there may be some decrease in breast size if you died.

Boy! Talk about the baby with the bath

Courtroom Decorum Note—as forwarded by Paula Deats, who saw it in the *San Diego Evening Tribune*:

SAN FRANCISCO — Jury deliberations have begun in the third trial of former San Francisco mayor Joseph Alioto's $12.5 million libel suit against *Look* magazine. . . .

Final arguments Tuesday were interrupted when a woman ran from the spectators' section with an apricot pie which split but did no damage as it was slammed down in front of Lawrence Alioto.

The woman came back, picked up the pie and threw it at another Alioto son, Joseph, after the judge and jury left the courtroom.

The woman, who identified herself as Kathleen Carbine, was not arrested then but was held for investigation of resisting arrest when she returned yesterday with a lemon pie.

Maybe she just likes slapstick.

Man's Best Friend Dept.—as found by Betty Walker, of Geneva, Ohio, in the Chardon, Ohio, *Lakeshore Shopper*:

Free dog—Female, housebroken, good with kids. Will also do ironing, $8 a basket.

What about windows? ◉

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Light Refractions

Things the History Books Don't Tell Us

by Thomas H. Middleton

Just after the election, it was reported that President Ford had sent President-elect Carter a telegram starting "Dear Jimmy" and congratulating him on his election, and that President-elect Carter had sent President Ford a telegram starting "Dear Jerry" and congratulating him on a good campaign.

My wife remarked that she thought "Dear Jimmy–Dear Jerry" somehow diminished the status of President and President-elect of the United States. Jeannie said that while his contemporaries surely called Thomas Jefferson "Tom," they almost certainly didn't call him "Tommy," and while John Adams might well have been called "Jack," he just couldn't have been "Johnny."

I'm not so sure. Theodore Roosevelt comes to mind immediately. No one called him anything but "Teddy," as far as I know. They even named the teddy bear after him.

Everyone called Dwight David Eisenhower "Ike." The reason he was called Ike was that "I Like Dwight" was seen as a sure loser, whereas "I Like Ike" had a certain ring to it.

Abraham Lincoln was not known as Abraham. It was "Abe," or sometimes "Honest Abe." The only one who ever called him "Abie," though, was his Secretary of State, William Henry Seward, who called him "Abie Baby." Lincoln detested being called Abie Baby, but he never made his displeasure known to Seward, who always thought the President enjoyed his lighthearted jocularity, as Lincoln was noted for his sense of humor. Seward's misapprehension was known to the other members of Lincoln's Cabinet as "Seward's Folly."

Thomas Jefferson is generally, and rightly, given credit as the author of the Declaration of Independence, while the role played by Benjamin Franklin is often ignored, though it was vital: had Franklin not spoken up when he did, it would have been a quite different document.

What happened was that Jefferson got in touch with Franklin on the Ameche.* Jefferson said, "Benjy? Tommy."

Franklin said, "Hi, Tommy. How's the old redhead?" And Jefferson told him, "I've written this open letter to the king. You got a minute? I'd like to read it to you."

"Shoot."

"Here it is: 'Dear Georgie, When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another. . . .' "

When Jefferson had read the whole thing, Franklin said, "Tommy, do you mind if I make a suggestion?"

"You don't like it."

"No, no! I love it! It's great! You're some terrific writer!"

"Me? Come on, Benjy, you're the writer."

"No, no—some one-liners is about all. I *have* been thinking of writing my autobiography, if I can come up with a title. Which is what I think you're missing. You've got a great statement there, but it shouldn't be an open letter. Your 'Dear Georgie' makes the whole thing sound like a satire. Cut the 'Dear Georgie' and make it a declaration instead of a letter. Give it a title."

"Like what?"

"Well, what are you trying to say? You're saying this is Splitsville. In effect, we're resigning from the British Empire. Why not call it 'A Resignation from the British Empire'?"

"Not bad. Not bad. But maybe a little negative," said Jefferson. "How about 'A Declaration of Independence'?"

"That's good. Sleep on it. It's certainly okay for a working title."

"Would you join me in signing it?" asked Jefferson.

Franklin replied, "I'd be proud to. Why don't we round up a lot of the guys and have a signing party?"

The upshot was that when they got all the signers together they signed the Declaration of Independence rather than the open letter to Dear Georgie, and instead of signing Tommy Jefferson, Benjy Franklin, Bootsie Gwinnett, Hound Dog Heyward, and so on, they signed their full John Hancocks.

I like the way it turned out, and I think that if they had sacrificed dignity for the folksy, down-home quality of Dear Georgie and Dear Jimmy and Dear Jerry, the course of human events would lack a precious landmark. ◉

* The *Ameche* was a term used in the olden days for what we now call the *horn* or the *blower*. It was so called because an actor named Don Ameche invented the telephone.

"What did you say? I'm afraid I was wool-gathering!"

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 75* (see page 50): You don't have to suffer to be a poet. Adolescence is enough suffering for anyone.
—John Ciardi

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 49):
scalp, claps, clasp

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

			1 Y		2 L	3 C	4 P	5 T	6 H	7 B	8 X		9 G	10 D	11 S	12 L
13 A		14 B	15 H	16 W		17 L	18 J	19 N	20 U	21 R	22 Q		23 M	24 R	25 H	26 I
27 S	28 X		29 J	30 U		31 N	32 V	33 M	34 E	35 Q	36 G	37 D		38 H	39 T	40 M
41 S		42 K	43 U	44 L		45 E	46 P	47 D	48 X		49 A	50 R	51 W	52 I		53 H
54 P	55 T	56 Q	57 W	58 Y		59 G	60 N	61 M	62 O	63 B	64 R	65 D	66 H	67 E	68 V	69 L
70 K	71 Q		72 A	73 M	74 Y		75 W	76 Q	77 F	78 I	79 D		80 N	81 U	82 T	83 W
	84 C	85 N	86 B		87 A	88 G	89 T	90 I		91 M	92 Q	93 L	94 H		95 R	96 E
97 C	98 J		99 G	100 Q	101 M	102 T		103 M	104 X	105 N	106 E		107 S	108 I	109 B	110 P
111 R		112 X	113 A		114 N	115 J	116 G	117 C		118 V	119 F	120 R		121 T	122 N	123 O
	124 U	125 J	126 G	127 K	—	128 H	129 A	130 L	131 W		132 D	133 T		134 E	135 F	136 V
	137 A	138 P	139 B	140 O	141 Q		142 K	143 C	144 U		145 X	146 A	147 G	148 E	149 I	
150 Y	151 B	152 R	153 H	154 M	155 Q	156 P	157 J		158 D	159 L	160 U		161 Y	162 H	163 S	
164 B	165 J	166 A	167 V	168 M		169 F	170 G	171 O	172 E	173 Q	174 P	175 W				

Number 115

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. *California stingrays*	49 72 87 113 129 137 146 166 13
B. Set in motion	14 63 86 109 139 151 164 7
C. Arm or outlet of a lake, *river, etc. (southern U.S.)*	84 97 117 143 3
D. "And _____ full of the linnet's wings" (Yeats, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree")	10 47 65 79 132 158 37
E. "And _____ of the waters, the hush / Of the grey expanse" (2 wds.; Arnold, "The Future")	67 96 106 134 148 172 34 45
F Arabian tambourine	77 119 135 169
G. Actuality as opposed to potentiality	170 36 99 116 126 147 59 88 9
H. *Opening in the side of a* vessel for an oar to pass through (2 wds.)	25 53 94 153 66 15 128 162 6 38
I Northernmost county of Scotland	108 149 26 52 78 90
J. Enclose in a casing or covering	157 165 18 29 98 115 125
K Bobble	42 70 127 142
L Study of correct pronunciation	159 12 130 2 69 93 17 44

CLUES	WORDS
M. *Clever innovation* (2 wds.)	61 101 23 103 168 33 73 91 154 40
N. Cause [a sound] not to be heard by making a louder noise (2 wds.)	80 105 19 31 122 60 85 114
O. Frederick Marryat's midshipman	140 171 62 123
P. *Capital of Italy during* the Byzantine Empire period	174 138 54 156 110 4 46
Q. Gave a new surface to	56 173 76 155 92 35 71 100 22 141
R. Fly of the family Psychodidae (2 wds.)	24 95 21 152 64 120 111 50
S. Set; agreeable; alert	163 27 11 107 41
T. Vehemently	39 55 121 133 89 5 82 102
U. Parvenu	81 20 124 30 43 144 160
V. Inspired sage or poet (Hinduism)	32 68 136 118 167
W. Without firmness, fixity, cohesion, etc.	57 16 75 175 51 83 131
X. Van Wyck Brooks said that Mark Twain's wife "_____ him" (*The Ordeal of Mark Twain*)	48 8 112 145 104 28
Y. Paul Dee Dean's nickname	74 1 150 161 58

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 114* appears on page 51.

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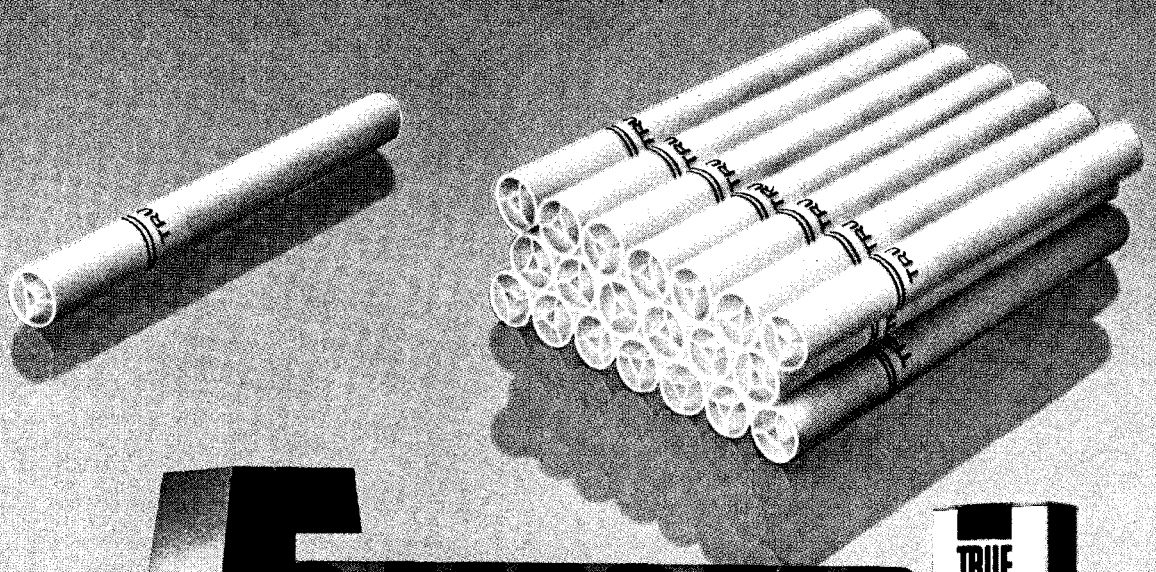

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PROFESSION: Urban and natural resource analyst

HOBBIES: Horseback riding, skiing, scuba diving, piano, oriental and primitive art collecting.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Kristin Lavransdatter" by Sigrid Undset

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded nonprofit corporations which provide resource management and urban development services to governments the world over.

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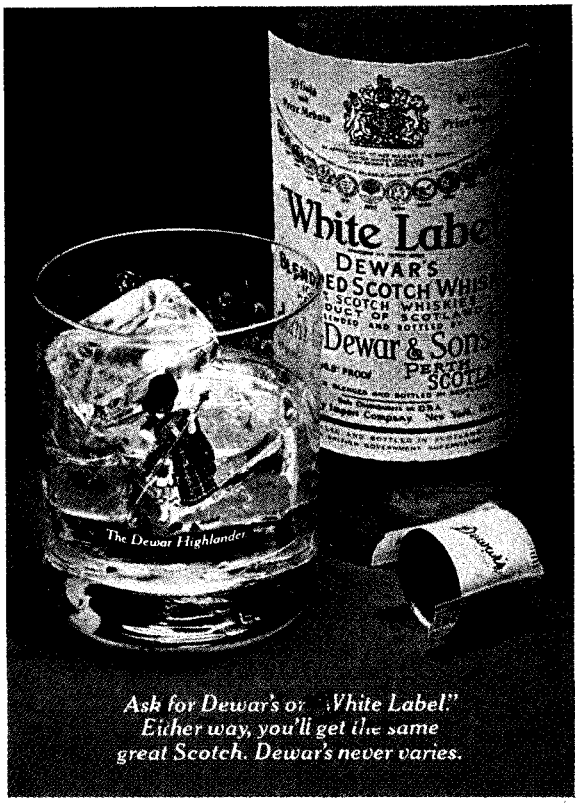

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